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Vol. CLIII No. 1993 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 2 1938

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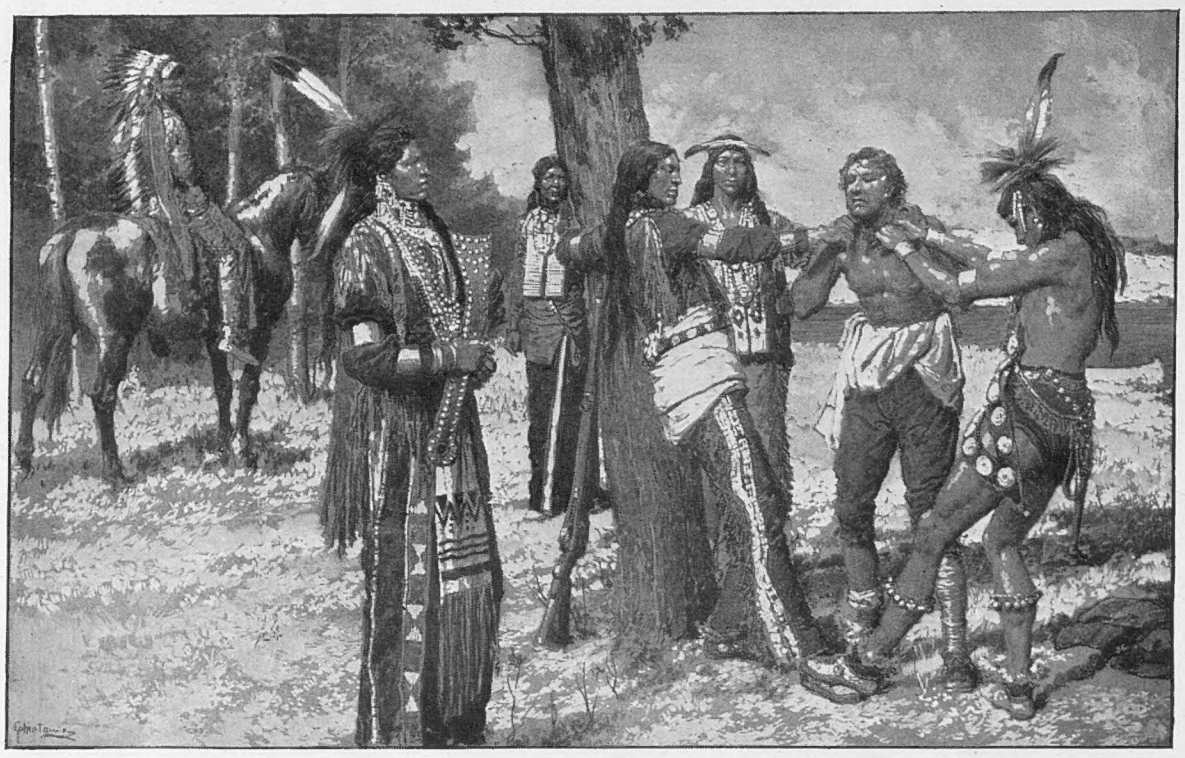
OLD TALES RETOLD . . . "The Devon Boy who Became a Gypsy King"

Written and Illustrated by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.



"The dignity of this position exempted him from being a militant beggar, but a life of indolence was not made for him, and he resumed his enterprises more eagerly than ever before.

This time, however, fortune ceased to smile upon him, for he fell into a trap that taxed his moral and physical energies heavily.

One day passing through Barnstaple, he paid a visit to a Mr. Robert Ingleton. As he was ushered in, the door was immediately closed behind him, and he was arrested. Judge Lethbridge, who had an unextinguishable grudge against the gypsies in general, and Carew in particular (on account of the latter having once frightened his horse), had for a long time been watching for an opportunity to revenge himself. Guards were at once posted around the house to prevent Bampfylde's escape.

Like lightning the news spread abroad and the house of the judge was besieged by people of every class who came to intercede on Carew's behalf. Many smart and beautiful women undertook the task of mollifying the stern judge with their engaging smiles, but the latter's advanced age evidently rendered him quite incorruptible. A warrant was drawn up to convey the prisoner to Exeter. Here he was condemned to extradition for seven years. . .

The blow was as terrible as it was unexpected. The separation from his beloved wife was all the more painful as he was already the father of two little girls that he loved most tenderly. Nor could the increasing crowd of sympathisers that visited him compensate the cruelty of such a separation.

He was brought on board a vessel bound for Maryland. . .

The news of Carew's whereabouts filled the Captain with malignant joy. He immediately sent a long-boat to fetch him back. He had not forgotten that on leaving England, he had overheard Carew promising a friend that he would be back in England before him. So he lost no opportunity of taking his revenge.

As Carew walked into his presence, he ordered him to strip. The boatswain was ordered to fetch the cat o' nine tails, and Carew was tied up. This humiliating and cruel punishment not only awoke in Carew a wave of hatred such as he had never felt for anyone before, but proved to him how useless it was to be honourable with some people. For of his own free will he had walked into the hands of his tormentor.

Still quivering with pain, he was submitted to a fresh humiliation as inhuman as the first. He was dragged ashore, and taken to a blacksmith where a heavy iron collar was riveted around his neck. That was another amenity that the law inflicted on runaway slaves.

Within a few days, the ever-happy Carew that everyone had known, always full of joviality and wit, had acquired the dejected and pitiful appearance of the man morally and materially crushed. He was given the task of loading and unloading constantly under the whip and surveillance of the slave driver.

He had almost lost the power of thinking, when one day Captain Avery and Captain Hopkins approached him. They were the two friends who had tried to redeem him at Newtown. To see this man for whom they had conceived such a high respect reduced to such a condition, touched them so deeply, that they decided not to leave a stone unturned until Carew had made good his escape.

The law punished with a fine of forty pounds anyone who helped a runaway slave to take off the iron collar, so they told him if they succeeded in arranging for his escape, he should travel with his collar on as far as that region inhabited only by Indians. They would take it off without difficulty or danger.

A little persuasion, together with a few bribes, and Carew, hiding the brutal iron ring with a piece of cloth, went further and further from the centre where European civilisation was taking root. . .

For several days he walked towards the interior of the country scanning the ground for a path revealing human traffic. His provisions were already exhausted when at last he saw a small congregation of Indians with long flowing hair, wearing multi-coloured feathers. Were they friends or wild murderous dwarfs? Quivering with trepidation he approached and to his great relief he saw that they were armed with rifles. That was a sign of civilisation.

As soon as they saw him they surrounded him, and from the expression on their faces he gathered their friendly disposition. He was brought before the Chief, a splendid specimen of that virile race, who, without hesitation, set himself the task of relieving Carew from that terrible torture he carried around his neck. A saw had to be purposely constructed, and after considerable labour the ring was forced open.

For many weeks Carew enjoyed the hospitality of the Indians. Amongst these simple people he had no need to lie, no need of disguise, no need to be on the defensive. They had offered him food and protection, yet he was homesick, and not wishing his host to know it, he refrained from showing it.

So one day, during one of those festivals when dances were in progress around the fire and peace pipes were passing from lip to lip, he cautiously crept away and made his way towards the river where he jumped in a canoe and paddled away, his mind fixed on the memory of his beloved country, his wife and his little daughters.

He landed at Newcastle in Pennsylvania. As soon as he got in contact with civilised people he had to resume the various masks of his normal profession without which he could not hope to return to his native country.

From place to place disguised as a Quaker he made friends with many and fooled many others. He reached Philadelphia exploiting anyone he could and stage by stage, reached New York, then a settlement of only 7,000 inhabitants. By this time he was already so far from his enemies that he resumed his own name.

Through an intricate complication of stratagems and lies, he succeeded in securing a berth on a boat. With a needle he pricked his skin and with a medicinal substance he irritated it, imitating the symptoms of smallpox. This clever idea gave him the chance of being left in peace and avoided by everyone. He kept up the farce during the entire voyage, and when he went ashore at Bristol he was still wrapped in a blanket, keeping up the appearance of a deplorable object of compassion and pity. . . ."

. . . an entertaining story written and magnificently illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I. — read it all in the April issue of "Britannia and Eve"

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 2, 1938

LEADERS OF THE GREATER REICH

Field-Marshal Göring, Germany's Economic Dictator, and Dr. von Seyss-Inquart, Statthalter of the Austrian Province, at a Vienna Meeting

Chancellor Hitler and his ministers are all touring the Greater Reich, campaigning vigorously for the so-called "Holy Election" to be held on April 10 when all Germany, including the new Province, will surge to the polls to signify approval of the Austrian annexation. Most outspoken of the leaders has been Field-Marshal Göring who, in his capacity as economic dictator and accompanied by the Statthalter, addressed in Vienna on March 26 a gathering of 20,000 people. He outlined his elaborate plans for public works which, with armaments manufacture, would, he said, end unemployment in Austria. Vienna, he continued, had ceased to be a German city, but must become German again. In four years it would have to be cleansed of Jews

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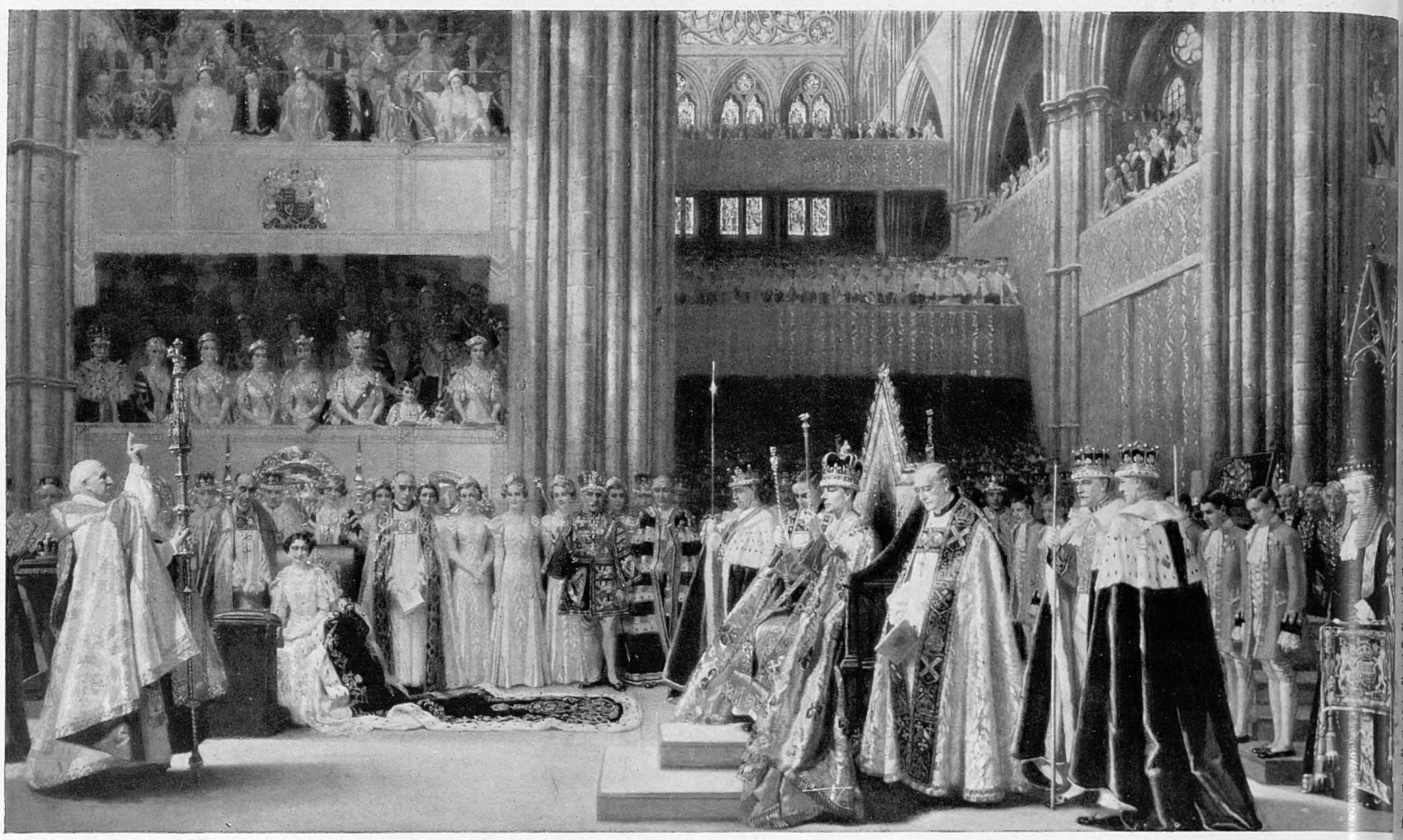


"THE CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, MAY 12, 1937": A reproduction of the painting by Frank O. Salisbury which was presented to the King at Buckingham Palace last week as a token of loyalty and affection from the four Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The canvas, 10½ ft. high and 17 ft. wide, contains at least forty recognisable portraits for which special sittings were given

AWAY DULL CARE! Viscount Halifax (centre), the Foreign Mini and Mr. Hore-Belisha (right), the War Minister, pictured cheerful spring setting as they went to a Cabinet meeting last

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, March 30, 1938.

BRITISH POLICY.—Mr. Chamberlain during his anxiously awaited speech on foreign policy spoke to a packed and tense audience. He spoke to the whole civilised world and to the Dictators and had a "good Press" from the lot. On the whole England considers that he spoke shrewdly; that he could not have said more and he could not have said less. Indeed, if one has any criticism, it is that he dragged in Mr. Eden too much, as if he were still seeking to justify the dropping of a pilot by proving that Mr. Eden dropped himself from a Cabinet united in policy, indeed pledged to Mr. Eden's. What *did* the Premier say? Where are we? We maintain League principles in theory and Locarno commitments in letter and spirit. When Locarno says "Fight," we fight. When League principles say "Fight" (i.e., take your share in the ultimate sanction of force against aggressors), we examine the situation before committing ourselves. We should recognise at once that to fight would be civilisation-suicide but we should not hold back, if we were convinced: (a) that, short of fighting, we must lose all things we hold most dear; (b) that the act of aggression shattered the cardinal principles of League morality; (c) that all other stalwart member States agreed in that view and were resolute to prevent or punish it; (d) that British vital interests were threatened by the act as well as fundamental League principles. If all these conditions were present, the Government would not refuse to take its share in such collective action based on force as seemed meet and possible, and would rely on the British Empire to implement the Government's decision. Did he say more? Could he say more? Did he, could he, say less? I could read between the lines of the speeches which followed no serious, no constructive, opposition. He said exactly what we knew he must say. It remains to my mind extraordinary that such diverse views can continue to be expressed about a situation which is so clear and so unanimously accepted as inevitable. As regards Spain, there is room for more convincing criticism. The Premier adheres to non-intervention. With all its bitter frailties and wide loopholes he claimed (and it is hard to reject the claim) that it has kept Europe from a general war. None can complain that critics of Right or Left are merely mischievous or futile here if they doubt Mussolini's latest pledges, or Mr. Chamberlain's figures and statistics of foreign forces engaged in Spain. Can any reasonable man, however, honestly urge that *now* Mr. Chamberlain should abandon non-intervention? And the Russian proposal? Could he, with the best will in the world towards Russia and the highest opinions of Russia's motives, do otherwise than decide that such a conference as Russia had proposed, must divide Europe still further into contending blocs and still further banish appeasement. Mr. Chamberlain said loud and clear exactly what sane men all over Europe knew he must and would say, not a word more and not a word less. And the note of interrogation still qualifies the question of Czechoslovakia and therefore of British policy. It is British policy inevitably to leave that note of interrogation there. Mr. Chamberlain believes it is, for aggressors, less a note of interrogation than a full stop. Europe in the main agrees.

FOREIGN CAPITAL IN SOUTH AMERICA.—For some years British capital in South American enterprise has suffered the threat of racial prejudice. British-owned concerns have come to feel that the scales of justice were loaded against them and that in many parts of South America national feeling would only be satisfied if foreign proprietors could, as constitutionally as might be, be frozen out, and the fruits of their energies be left to the enjoyment of nationals. Skill, constant energy, and prevision and supplies of new capital are the seeds upon which any harvest from such concerns depends and those seeds are not always available locally. But the latest news from Mexico is in a different category. It is a significant step, inadequately considered, in a crusade to reconquer Mexico for the Mexicans which has been going on for years. The Mexican Government proposes to expropriate British and U.S. oil properties in Mexico valued at £90,000,000, ostensibly within the terms of the 1936 Expropriation Act but the compensation scheme is only vaguely sketched. This decision, if it be implemented, will permanently deprive Britain of the only recently conceded Pozarica field, held by the Royal Dutch and managed by the Mexican Eagle Company, which is capable of supplying all our naval and shipping petroleum needs without shipment via the Mediterranean. The Standard Oil Company of America stands to lose hardly less capital, and the diplomatic representatives of both countries are making the strongest representations to the President. Legal remedies in the Mexican Courts cannot possibly achieve early relief and the temper of the Mexican nation does not augur a completely fair field But Britain and the U.S. stand to los too much to let the expropriation go b default and the President of Mexic whose decision has clearly been in fluenced by the determination of th workers and Unions, must be well awar that he may be killing the goose tha laid the golden eggs. He may appro priate the goose by fair or foul means but by no means for years to come ca he make it lay the eggs which Mexic vitally depends on. For he lacks, be sides the organisation, the energy, th capital and the vision so necessary fo exploiting the oil fields, all means o transporting the oil he may win to th foreign markets which alone can absor it. At the moment he is entirely de pendent on foreign (largely British an American) tankers, and Britain an America will naturally hold over h

head the threat of refusing to carry Mexican oil until assured of a fair settlement. True, there are other markets and other transport and other nations alive to the value of oil supplies. But Mexico is in constant need of money and unless Britain and the U.S. are soon assured of a just settlement, the President will be faced with a first-rate financial crisis which must cause havoc before the riches of Mexico can be reorganised to satisfy national aspirations. It is a critical situation for both sides. Already America has turned the silver screw.

THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY.—Surely, we welcome warmly one more friendly representative from America—Mr. Joseph Kennedy and rather more than 50 per cent. of his large and charming family. And in the time-honoured way we listened to his message at his first Pilgrim Dinner, his first public utterance. And in the time-honoured way of American Ambassadors, he kept to his eternal brief and promised nothing, gave nothing away, with a string of bright epigrams. Lord Derby was there, of course, smiling and genial as of old (how many such dinners has he eaten since the war, how many such utterances has he applauded?) and optimistic as ever. And a Royal Duke and the Foreign Secretary were there to do honour to the Pilgrim of Eternity and to applaud at the right places. And Mr. Kennedy said his piece. The unique relationship of the two great English speaking nations, the mutual friendship so highly valued, the common love of liberty and respect for treaties, the vague hope so meticulously phrased, that economic recovery and limitation of armaments and a revival of international morality, may one day and somehow be evolved through a better understanding among nations as a result of the gradual levelling of trade barriers, and the spiritual influence which may be engendered by the ever-growing understanding between the two great English speaking . . . etc. How time-honoured are those phrases, how easily could we prompt the speaker, if he faltered! How long we have waited for a new "gag"! But there is no change in the script. Back in the Middle West "the average American remains uninterested in European affairs". Why should he be interested? He is worrying about the chance of holding down his job and keeping his savings. If Mr. Kennedy believes that the fate of Europe is bound up with those savings, he mustn't do more than hint a private opinion. For that average American is America and dictates her policy. So, now as ever, with infinite goodwill on both sides, the time-honoured speeches are spoken with applause, the play is played out, the mutual expressions of warm esteem are exchanged and the two great English-speaking nations go back to their problems. But one work-aday truth extrudes before the footlights. Our two nations do indeed share what remains of the good things of life as both conceive them. Only in Britain and America to-day can the things which we English-speakers believe make life worth living be enjoyed, and we have the means still (under God) to enjoy them and the genius to preserve them. But, for how long?

RUFFORD ABBEY.—The Dukeries must soon find another name. One by one the great estates of the noblemen who lived in splendour round Sherwood Forest are going the way of all great inheritances. Clumber, emptied under the hammer, stands a mere shell. And with the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of St. Albans also lately passed out of land ownership on a large scale in the Dukeries. The Duke of Portland hangs gallantly on. Now Sir Albert Ball of Nottingham has bought, lock, stock, and barrel, historic Rufford Abbey and 20,000 acres, time out of mind in occupation of the Saviles. A haunted Abbey, rich in treasure. Sir Albert is the father of a hero who died in the great war after bringing down over forty German airplanes. As befits a hero's father, he is obviously a brave man himself. For who but a bold man would to-day saddle himself with a huge and stately home and 20,000 acres of land unless he had a clear view of profitable exploitation and the energy of mind and body to carry it through? Clearly Sir Albert considers Rufford "ripe for development," and believes in his own ability to turn it over, or himself to split it up into desirable small estates. Not all succeed in this thrilling (and by some detested) hobby. Many of these big-scale land speculators come down crashing. The land turns on them. But some succeed and grow richer and richer as they obliterate one by one the graces and traces of the bad old days of privilege. But it is speculation of a risky kind. Perhaps the "Flukeries" will serve our turn for an alternative title.

THE GREAT DROUGHT.—A spell of unprecedentedly dry, mild and sunny weather has not yet ended in the Sussex-Hants area of England. The last few days of January gave about 1½ ins. of rain, giving to January the respectable total of 4·30 ins. In February the first smattering of rain fell on February 18, ·14 in. A nice shower of ¼ in. fell on 26th–27th, giving to February fill-dyke the total of ·39 in. March came in and no appreciable rain fell until the 26th of the month. Thus during the eight weeks following the end of January only ·40 of rain fell and that must be pretty nearly an all-time record. It was a peck of March dust with a vengeance, for day after day the sun shone abnormally hot in a clear atmosphere and often accompanied by strong, drying winds. The danger to common lands from fires carelessly lit has seldom been greater, and the tale of serious outbreaks due to carelessness, suggests that the public is not yet beginning to acquire a sense of responsibility for its heritage. Country folk and gardeners seem to agree that spring flowers and blossoms were nearly three weeks in advance of the normal, certainly as regards primroses, daffodils, hyacinths, and early cherries. Chestnut and lime are also very forward. The farmer has had a wonderful chance to get on to his land and to get forward with his work.

SUBURBAN TRENCHES.—I am not yet clear if the authorities have changed their minds about A.R.P. Suburbia is to be encouraged to turn its back garden into a line of trenches. It will be good exercise for the city worker but will come hardly on the seedsmen. Are these trenches a second string in A.R.P. or do they supersede the gas-proof room whose 1C01 furnishings we are even now collecting? After what Prof. Haldane has said of the futility of the gas-proof room, I confess that I incline to declare my grand slam in spades.

MILESTONES.—James Miles of Southampton died recently. He was a craftsman who was working with his hands when most of his contemporaries had been thirty years dead. He was the Old Parr of our day, a locus classicus of hereditary longevity. He was 107 when he died and he was the youngest of twenty-one children by one wife and mother. He himself sired twenty-three children by two wives, losing eleven of them at one fell swoop in a typhoid epidemic. He came of a long-lived, large-familied stock. His father lived to be 103, his mother into her hundredth year. His grandfather lived to be 112 and was born in the year that Charles II died. In 1938 a man was alive in England who could say "my grandfather saw the accession to the throne of James, Duke of York." Can you beat it? This is a real conquest over time, of a kind I appreciate. Much better to conquer Time by living than by throwing your life away.

THE OLD STAGER

SPACE ANNIHILATED: Flying Officer A. E. Clouston and Mr. Victor Ricketts emerging bearded and tired from their D.H. Comet at Croydon last Saturday, having flown the 24,000 miles from England to New Zealand and back in 10 days 20 hrs. 48 mins. and in so doing, set up ten new records, including that for the round trip. On the outward journey they reached New Zealand in 4 days 8 hrs. as compared with the sea voyage taking anything from thirty to forty days

WHEN MEN MUST FLY, WOMEN MUST WAIT! Flying Officer A. E. Clouston and Mr. Victor Ricketts with their wives who were there to greet them when they arrived at Croydon last Saturday after their record breaking New Zealand flight. Ricketts is a London journalist

FRANCE:

Mr. Churchill Sees Political Leaders — Strikers Embarrass M. Blum—Mid-Lenten Festival

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S MUCH DISCUSSED VISIT TO PARIS last week-end included an hour or two spent at the Louvre, where the British Art Exhibition is now being held. He is seen here as he left with Lady Phipps, wife of the British Ambassador

RECALCITRANT LABOUR: Strikers gathered outside a factory on the Quai de Javel, Paris, during the stoppage in the iron and steel trades which assumed serious proportions at the beginning of this week. On Monday M. Blum, the Premier, made it known that unless the workers showed more discipline he would resign

MI-CARÊME IN PARIS: M. Failliot, President of the Municipal Council, about to bestow a kiss on one of the beauty queens who were officially received by the municipality on the occasion of the mid-Lenten festival, which was conducted with the usual picturesque ceremonial

AT HOME:

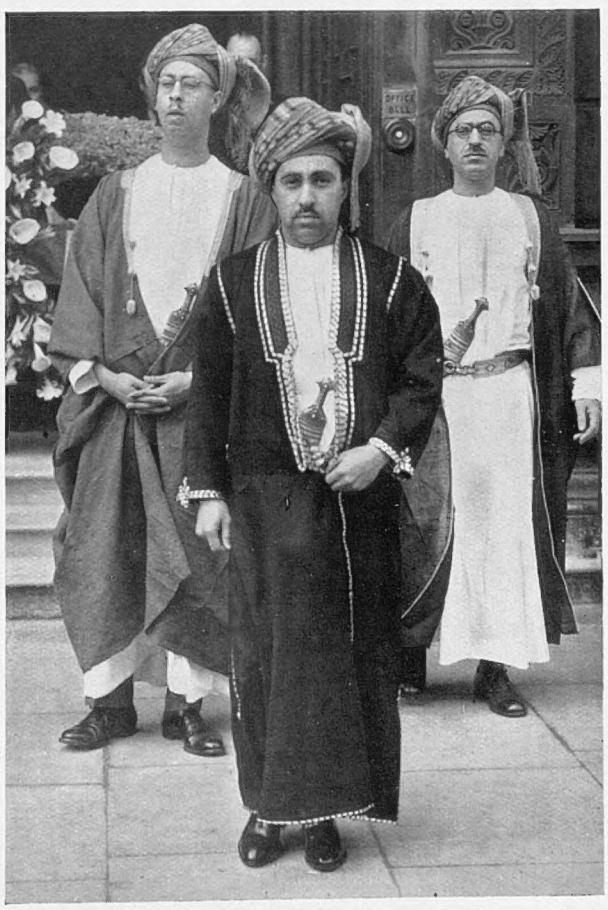
The Mansion House as a Recruiting Office—T... King and Queen in Shoreditch—The Sultan of M... cat and Oman in London—Naval and Air Exerci...

THE CITY GIVES THE LEAD IN RECRUITING: Crowds round the information bureau se... up outs... the Mansion House last week to help members of the public wishing to join any of Lo...don's ... Territorial units. Results at this bureau and at another one at Draper's Hall were dist...ctly ... and on one day alone 2,000 applicants for information were dealt with, 800 being ...ith spe... reference to the balloon barrage which should prove a very popular branch of London de...fence ...

A BIG DAY FOR THE EAST END: The King and Queen, accompanied by Sir Kingsley Wood, ... Technical Institute, at the moment when they passed in front of the line of students. Their Ma... the same time they made a surprise visit to blocks of London County Council flats talking w..., complimenting them on the comfort of their homes. Last week Their Majesties were in ...

S ZERO HOUR APPROACHED: Men about to fix the heavy aerial torpedoes, which are wheeled into position on little trolleys, beneath the machines at a South Coast aerodrome before the start of this week's Aero-Naval exercises held in the Channel. These planes formed part of the defence force, and it was their task, with the help of submarines, to resist an attacking force represented by the Home Fleet, under Sir Roger Backhouse, steaming from Ushant towards the Isle of Wight

Health, pictured at the Shoreditch
t took place last Tuesday, when at
ants, asking them about rents and
, making calls of a similar nature



A GUEST OF THE GOVERNMENT: The Sultan of Muscat and Oman, attended by his State officials, laying a wreath at the Cenotaph. During his stay here a programme has been arranged to enable him to see various aspects of our national life

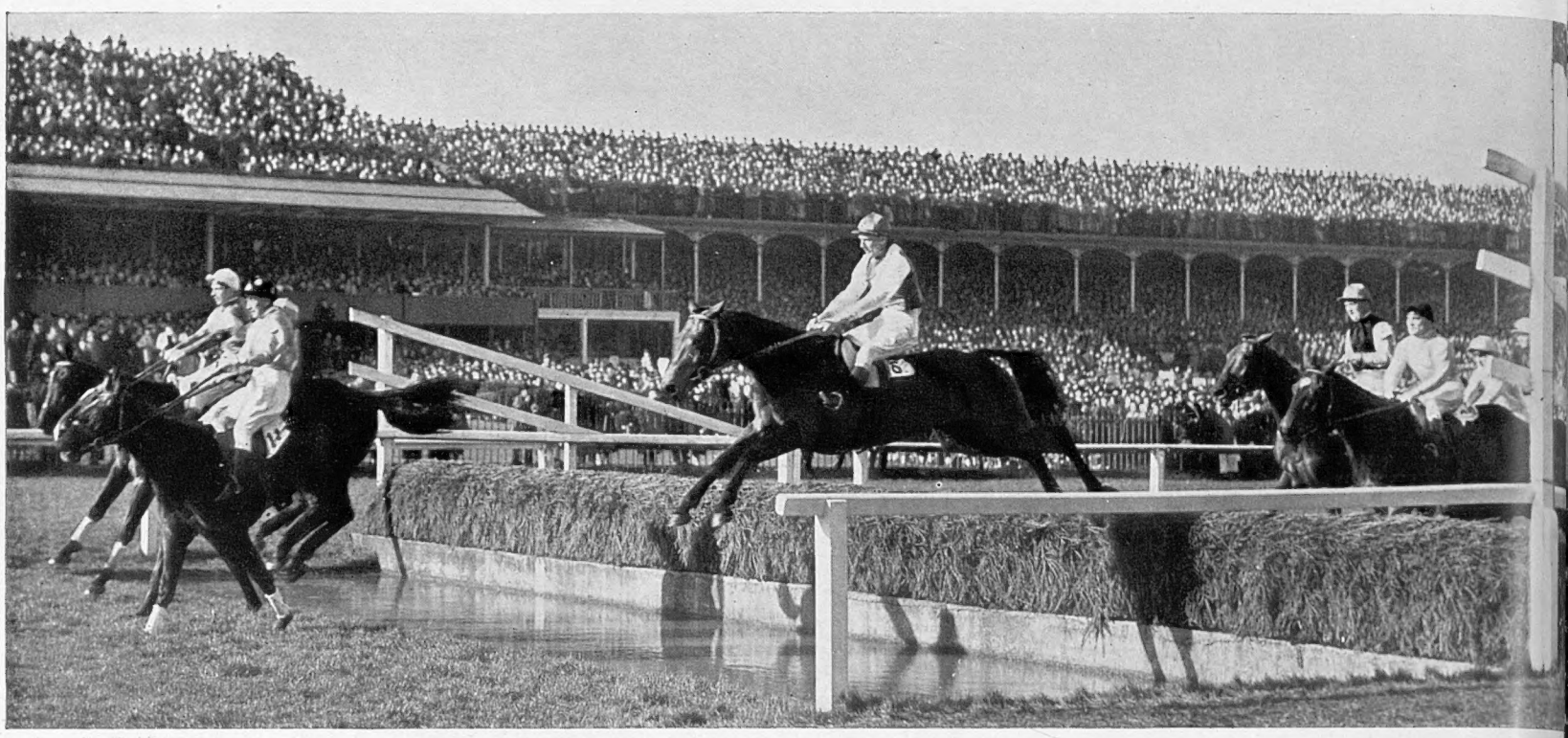
THE REICH: Events in Berlin and Vienna—German Holidaymakers in Tripoli

"BREAD AND WORK IF YOU SAY YES," reads this banner; one of many set up in the streets of Vienna by the Nazis in preparation for the plebiscite to be held on April 10 to approve the annexation of Austria. Chancellor Hitler and his Ministers are touring the country in a most vigorous election campaign

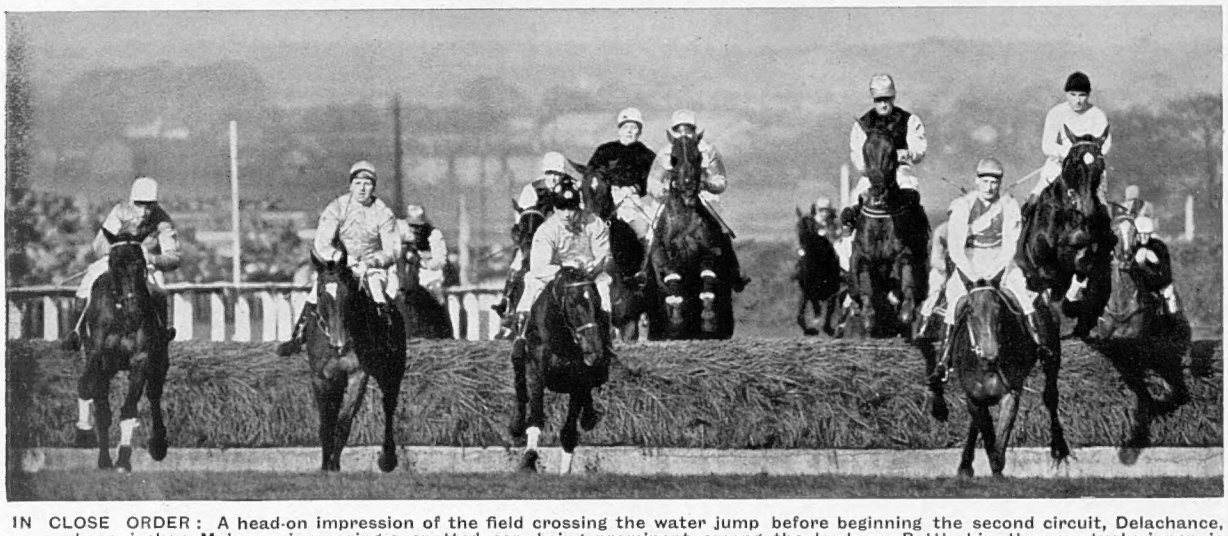
"EIN VOLK, EIN REICH, EIN FUHRER": This, the great slogan of the plebiscite campaign, dominated the meeting of the General Assembly of the Nazi Party held in Berlin last week

WELCOMED TO THE FOLD: State Councillor Goeritzer addressing the party of 2,000 Viennese workmen outside the Anhalt Station after their arrival in Berlin as guests of the "Strength Through Joy" organisation. The Nazis are making every effort to woo the former Social-Democratic Austrian working class, partly by arranging visits

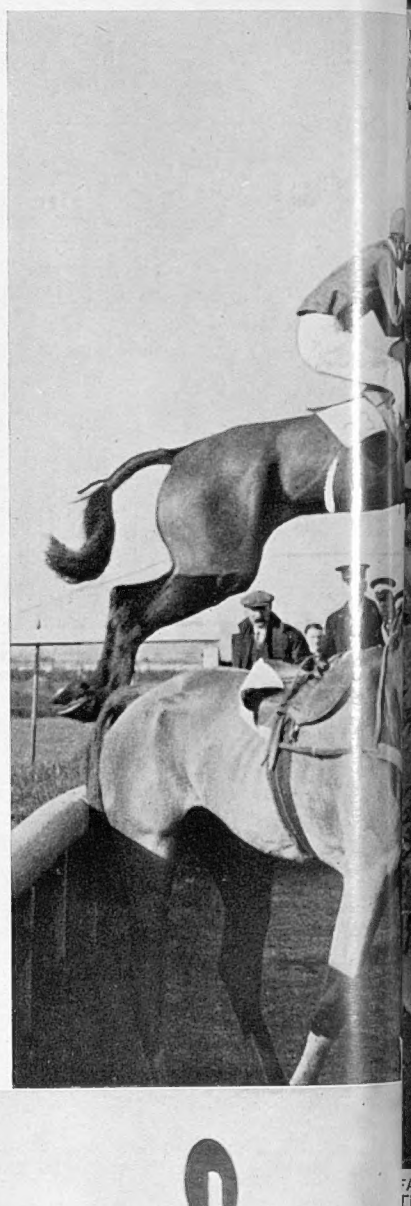
GERMANS IN NORTH AFRICA: These German tourists did not look too comfortable on camel back when they recently visited Tripoli, in Italian North Africa, under the auspices of the "Strength Through Joy" organisation for providing cheap holidays for the workers



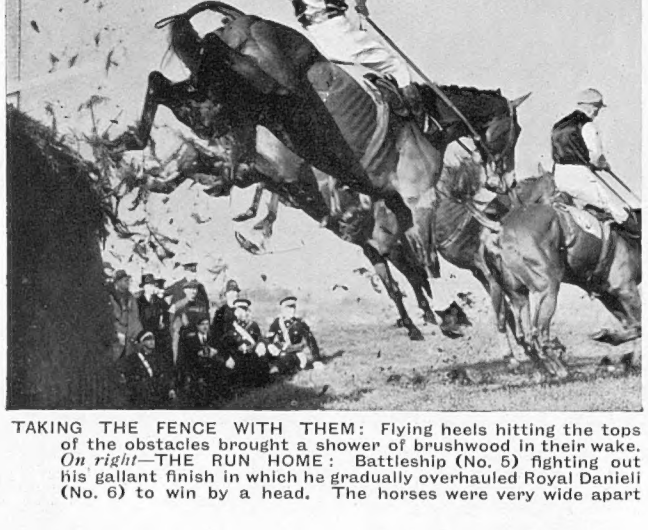
NEGOTIATING THE WATER AT THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND: The Grand National field, by this time reduced in numbers, passing the packed stands on completing the first circuit of the course, Mr. Snow's Delachance (No. 11) being in the lead with two other horses and Royal Danieli (No. 6), who finished second, being astride the obstacle. It was one of the best races seen for many a year and the finish in which the American-bred Battleship just got up to beat the Irish-bred Royal Danieli by a head could not possibly have been more thrilling for the crowd and for the vast army of wireless listeners



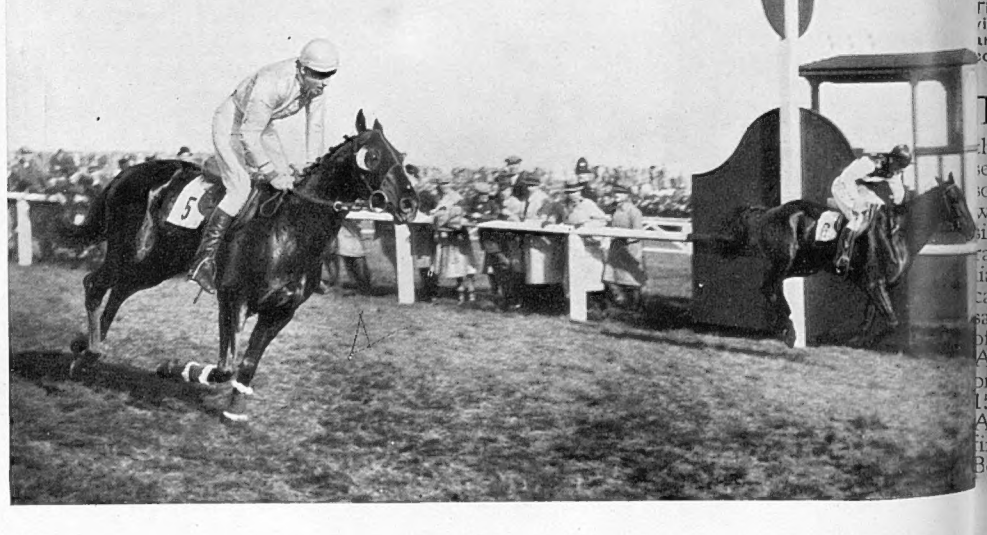
IN CLOSE ORDER: A head-on impression of the field crossing the water jump before beginning the second circuit, Delachance, whose jockey, Moloney, is wearing a spotted cap, being prominent among the leaders. Battleship, the eventual winner, is seen in centre rising at the obstacle. It was there that Rock Lad, the Canadian horse, fell dead from heart failure



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN: Sir Francis Towle's speedy chaser Airgead Sios (No. 2), a brilliant performer over park courses, racing on with his reins dangling after unshipping his jockey, McNeill, on the first time round at the first fence after Valentine's where two others also came to grief. Lord Derby's Underbid, with Pringle up, is seen about to land



TAKING THE FENCE WITH THEM: Flying heels hitting the tops of the obstacles brought a shower of brushwood in their wake. *On right*—THE RUN HOME: Battleship (No. 5) fighting out his gallant finish in which he gradually overhauled Royal Danieli (No. 6) to win by a head. The horses were very wide apart



BATTLESHIP'S GRAND NATIONAL:

A Diminutive American Horse Wins the Blue Riband of Steeplechasing in Dramatic Fashion, Returning Tote Odds of 62 to 1

FLYING OVER BECHER'S FOR THE SECOND TIME: A fine action picture of Mrs. Marion Scott's Battleship (No. 5), leading Mr. H. C. McNally's Royal Danieli (centre) and Mr. J. B. Snow's Delachance well on in the race. Shortly after this Battleship began to fade, but those who thought that he did not really stay and his diminutive size would beat him, were to receive a big surprise when, with indomitable courage, he came again and fought out an heroic finish worthy of his sire, the famous Man o' War

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE: While Mr. Tighe on Drim (No. 33) sails over, W. Parvin extricates himself from the fence, and his mount, Blue Prince, stands contentedly in the open ditch beneath

The Grand National of 1938 will go down in turf history as one of the most thrilling in the whole long series run at Aintree, and it was made so by the gameness of the eventual winner who, despite his diminutive size, jumped the great fences with rare courage and, at the close, brilliantly handled by young Bruce Hobbs, came up from behind to snatch a sensational victory. Battleship is one of the 277 offspring of that great American sire and track record breaker Man o' War and stands only 15 hands 2 ins. He has also won the American Grand National, being the first horse ever to bring off the Belmont Park and Aintree double.

HEROES OF THE HOUR: Seventeen-year-old Bruce Hobbs, one of the youngest riders who have ever won the "National," being congratulated by his father, Mr. R. Hobbs (in bowler hat), who is Battleship's trainer, after riding a really brilliant finish, which would have done credit to a jockey of many times his experience. He landed over the last fence slightly behind Royal Danieli, but by clever manœuvring to avoid a loose horse, and, by riding hard with his hands, gradually crept up on the leader. They went past the post very wide of each other, and many experienced race-readers would not venture an opinion as to which had won. Battleship, it will be seen, is a very small horse, and it is a matter for wonderment he was able to tackle the giant Aintree fences

ALL ABOARD FOR THE R.A.: A car load of artists arriving at Burlington House with the pictures they are submitting to this year's Royal Academy. The selection committee, headed by Sir William Llewellyn, has already got down to its necessarily ruthless task of selection from the many thousands of works submitted

LUXURY ON THE L.M.S.: This streamlined Diesel-driven light passenger unit, claimed to represent the most important experiment yet made in the application of the Diesel to railway traction, was last week given its first trial run, when it showed that it could attain a speed of over 75 miles an hour

BELLE OF NEW YORK: Mr. and Mrs. David Hearst, who have come over to Europe on their honeymoon, pictured in a London hotel. Mr. Hearst is a son of the U.S. newspaper magnate

MR. MONTAGU NORMAN planting a beech tree at the Wood Lane open-air school, Shepherd's Bush

A SPEARHEAD OF THE EMPIRE

Malta Still Predominant in Mediterranean Strategy

VALETTA, March 1938.

IN the Italian steamer which brought me from Tripoli to Malta I discussed Mediterranean strategy with an Italian airman. He explained with some detail how in the event of war with Britain Italian bombers would converge on Valetta from two sides.

Squadrons not of ten but of thirty planes, flying at 250 m.p.h., could reach the island from Sicily and Libya in a quarter of an hour and forty minutes respectively. And then? My companion made an expressive gesture. Incendiary bombs, I gathered, would be used. High explosives made more noise than damage; whilst gas was only effective against civilian populations.

I pointed out that Malta was no longer defenceless, with which he agreed. In fact, he was kind enough to show me, as we steamed along the coast, the positions of the new anti-aircraft batteries. I was led to understand that there was not much about Malta's defences that the Italian air force didn't know.

I hinted that our own people had probably considered the possibility of a counter-attack on Palermo, Messina, and Naples. Not to mention the industrial cities of northern Italy, very accessible from bases in France. There was also the weapon of blockade. Unless Italy could supply herself from the Balkans and Central Europe she would be at the mercy of any fleet that commanded the Mediterranean.

My Italian shrugged his shoulders not very optimistically. "*Cosa vuole?* We don't want to fight. We shall only attack if you make our life impossible."

His pessimism was the measure of the progress which British defences generally, and in the Mediterranean particularly, have made in the last two years.

The Maltese have not yet fully recovered from the fright they got in 1935. They still talk of that period, the period of sanctions against Italy, as the time of the "war," as though they themselves had taken part in hostilities.

A noble lady whose family has inhabited the island for centuries, and owns one of its oldest and most beautiful houses, told me that she had hung out nets below her windows to catch any shattered glass. She could not be bothered to take precautions against the threatened air raids, but she was anxious lest the broken panes should fall and do damage to her flower beds. Though her response to it was somewhat original, the fear felt by this lady was only what every Maltese experienced in the autumn of 1935. For a week or so they lived under the shadow of an attack.

In Malta to-day there is no longer anxiety. The decision of the British Government to put the island's defences in order has given a new lease of life to its inhabitants. For they couple it with British re-armament as a sign that Britain intends to maintain, not only its hold, but also its base at Malta.

In recent months they have seen visible signs of this intention. New batteries have been mounted to repel air raiders; the air force has been increased and provided with new aerodromes; the garrison is being brought up to strength.

The reason for these preparations is obvious. Every Power with vital interests in the Mediterranean has fought to gain possession of Malta. Napoleon said he would rather part with the Faubourg St. Antoine than give up this island fortress. For Britain its importance is perhaps greater than for any, since it is the only harbour under her control between Suez and Gibraltar. Without it British ships would be forced to run the gauntlet across 2,000 miles of narrow and unprotected sea.

The chief cause of complaint of the Maltese at the moment are the too frequent absences of the Mediterranean Fleet. Apart from the dockyard and the garrison, the island lives almost entirely on what the British sailor spends in it. When the ships are away business stagnates, so shopkeepers as well as wives look anxiously for their return.

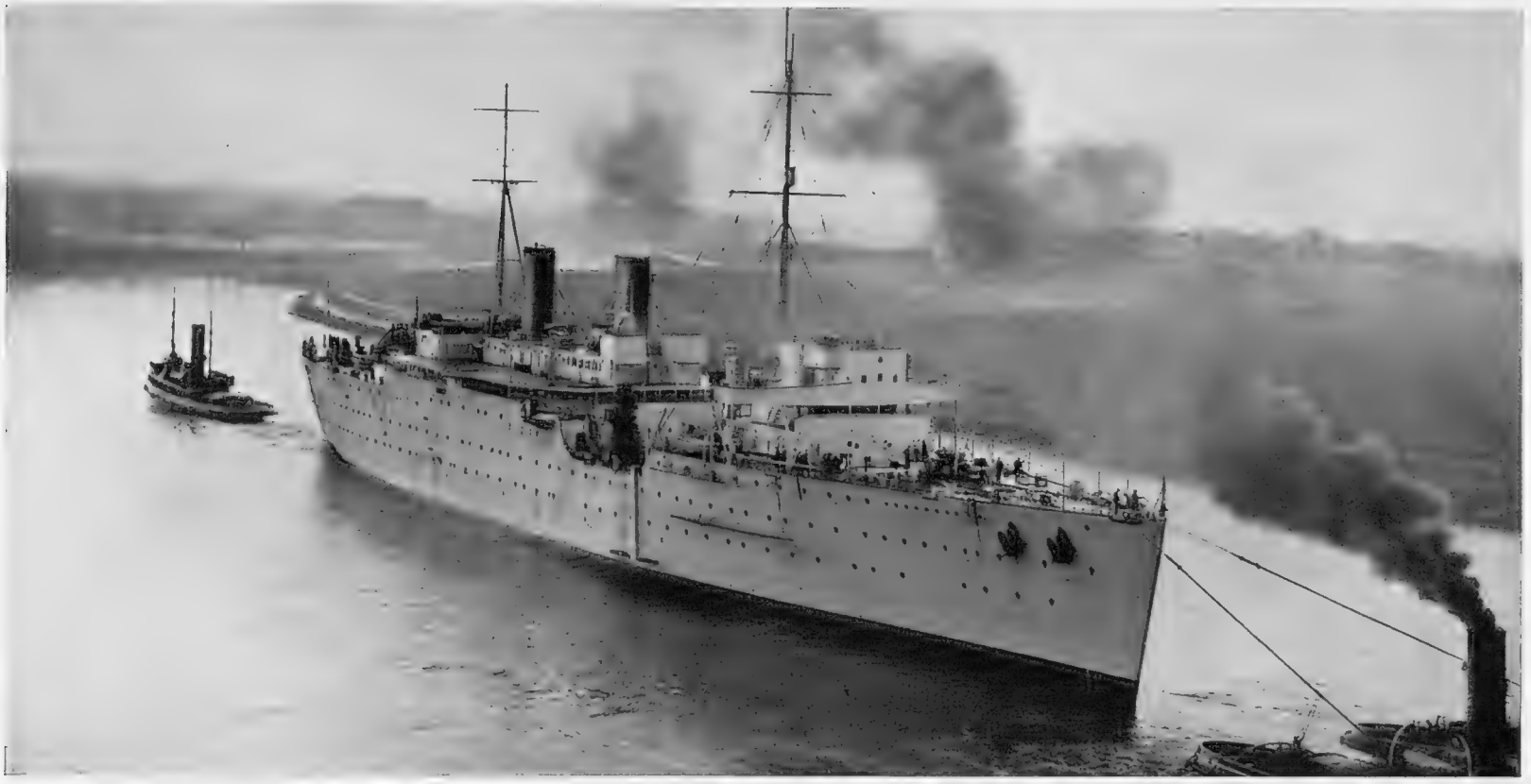
Normally the Fleet remains in harbour, except for short exercises, from October till January, but for the last two years this practice has been abandoned. International events, especially in connection with Spain, have required the presence of many units elsewhere, while even those remaining at Malta are often out on practice for a week at a time. Naval officers will tell you cheerfully that there is "much too much work," but they seem to thrive on it, and the Navy's morale is never higher than when it is performing useful work.

In spite of their economic anxieties, one of which is the rise in the cost of living, the Maltese on the whole are quite resigned to British rule.

And even the most rabid democrats realise that Imperial Defence is at present more important in Malta than the holding of general elections. G. M.

NAVAL AND MERCANTILE :

Electric Welding in the Depot Ship "Maidstone" : Southampton Class Cruisers on Manœuvres : "Capetown Castle" Ready for Maiden Trip



A FLOATING WORKSHOP: The depot and submarine repair ship, H.M.S. *Maidstone*, which was launched last November, making her way down the Clyde from Messrs. John Brown's fitting-out basin at Clydebank. Her tonnage is 15,000 and her equipment includes a foundry and, in fact, everything necessary for maintaining her satellite craft. Electric welding has been employed in her construction, for the most part, it is to be supposed, in sections not of primary structural importance, such as lower decks, inner bottoms, fuel bunkers, etc. Welding, to-day, is probably finding its most extensive application in the building of oil tankers

SPREADING A PALL OVER THE WATERS: The new 9,100-ton cruisers of the Southampton class, belonging to the Second Cruiser Squadron, Home Fleet, steaming at speed in the Atlantic during the recent combined exercises off the coast of Portugal, when these ships manœuvred together for the first time. They have a speed of 32 knots, with engines developing 75,000 h.p., twelve 6-in. guns, eight 4-in. high-angle guns, and six torpedo tubes. All the ships of the class are named after cities—Southampton, Sheffield, Newcastle, and Glasgow—the Admiralty's idea being to establish a special interest between each city and a particular vessel of the Fleet

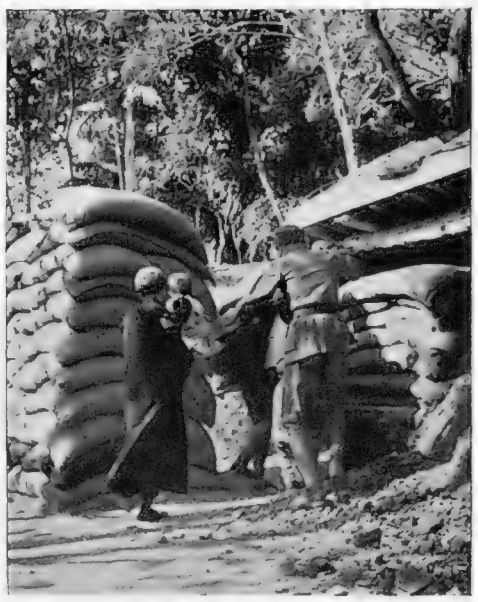
THE LARGEST LINER COMPLETED BY A BRITISH SHIPYARD SINCE THE "QUEEN MARY": The 26,500-ton R.M.M.V. *Capetown Castle*, latest addition to the Union Castle fleet, in charge of tugs after leaving her Belfast fitting-out basin

LUXURY ON THE IRISH SEA: The British and Irish Steam Packet Co's cross-channel motor vessel, *Munster*, which has lately been put into service on the Liverpool-Dublin route and is the largest vessel at present regularly linking England and Ireland

THE JAPANESE WAR MACHINE ROLLS ON, but it had a severe check at this point on the Yellow River, where the bridge seen in the background was destroyed by retreating Chinese and, being beyond hope of speedy repair, a trestle structure was set up by the Japanese engineers to take its place. Readers will recall that a picture of the bridge was reproduced in "The Sphere" after it had been destroyed and it was pointed out at the time how difficult it would be to re-build

AN EASY MARK FOR ENEMY AIRMEN: Hanyang Arsenal, near Hankow, on the Yangtse; a veritable hive of activity. During the Civil War, just over ten years ago, it was captured by the Cantonese forces

A BRITISH GUNBOAT MOORED OFF HANKOW, the Treaty port, 700 miles from the mouth of the Yangtse, to which, it is more than probable, Japan's forces may soon be directing their attention



THE GOOD EARTH PROTECTS ITS OWN: A soldier helping members of a family through the sandbagged entrance of one of the many bomb-proof dug-outs erected in and around Canton where the Japanese have been raiding repeatedly. *On left*—Members of one of the uniformed women's units now engaged in first aid work on the Shantung front

AFTER SHANTUNG—HANKOW?

Will This Great Treaty Port of the River Yangtse be the Next Japanese Objective?

CHINESE in well-informed circles have for some time been prophesying that Japan's next objective after Shantung would be Hankow rather than Canton. They argue that the capture of either of these cities would serve Japan's purpose of cutting off China's war supplies and that Hankow would be the cheaper and easier undertaking. The Hankow-Canton Railway, cut south of Hankow, would, they say, effectively stop the flow of war materials from Hong Kong whereas many bombings near Canton have failed to achieve this object. Moreover the loss of Hankow by China would force the Chinese Military Council to retreat farther inland to a less advantageous position.

Recent events show that this prophecy will probably be fulfilled as soon as the Japanese have succeeded in gaining control of the Lunghai railway. Vast forces are said to be waiting for the signal to advance. It is presumed that they will converge from the north, the south-east, and westward along both banks of the Yangtse upon Hankow and its sister cities, Wuchang and Hanyang.

Hankow, meaning "mouth of the Han," stands at the confluence of the Yangtse and the Han Rivers, half-way up the navigable part of the Yangtse between Chungking and Shanghai. On the opposite shore of the Han is the city of Hanyang. Facing both these cities across the Yangtse stands Wuchang, the capital of Hupeh. The names of the three have been combined into the term "Wuhan cities," but Hankow is best known abroad because of its foreign concessions.

The situation of the Wuhan cities in the centre of China has been both their fortune and their evil fate. They have always lain in the path of wars between North and South. During the Taiping Rebellion (1850–1867) Hankow was taken and retaken by assault six times in thirty months and was finally left a heap of ruins. In the 1911 revolution it was the scene of a decisive battle. In 1926 it was captured by the Southern army and became for a time the Kuomintang capital.

But its central position has brought Hankow also periods of prosperity. At its wharves the wealth of western China has been unloaded from junks into larger vessels to be carried to the marts of Shanghai and the world abroad. And these ships have brought back the commodities of both East and West for redistribution in the interior of China. Because of its pre-eminence as a commercial centre, Hankow is often called "the Chicago of the East." Not long before the outbreak of the present war its trading facilities were increased by the completion of the Canton–Hankow Railway.

Hankow was opened to foreign trade by the British in 1858. In that year Lord Elgin travelled from Shanghai to Hankow. The journey, now four days by steamer and a few hours by air, took him seven weeks by junk. By 1870 British and American clippers were sailing up the Yangtse against the dangerous current and over treacherous shoals, competing for the first cargoes of tea. For Hankow, having become queen of the world's tea trade, snatched the honours from Foochow.

Tea pressed into bricks was exported overland to Siberia in vast quantities. Russians were then the envy of all other foreign traders. Evidences of their prosperity remain, contrasting dramatically with the dire poverty of the present Russian colony in Hankow. In the Hankow Club there is a large round table known as "the Russian tea-table," where Russian tea merchants met daily to drink not tea but champagne. More notable monument of those prosperous days is the Orthodox Russian Church of St. Alexander, built in the eighteen-eighties with funds provided by seven Russian tea firms. The octagonal stone building with its sea-green dome surmounted by a golden orthodox cross is a lovely and incongruous ornament among the warehouses of Hankow. The interior is richly furnished with carved teak screens, gorgeous ikons in costly frames, and glowing candelabra—all brought from Moscow.

British cultivation of tea in Ceylon and India curtailed China's overseas trade, but the Russian tea trade continued to flourish until 1917. To-day there is one Soviet Russian brick tea factory in Hankow. There are, however, several British "hongs" still dealing in leaf tea.

In recent years Hankow and its sister cities have gained new prosperity from cotton. Most of the cotton factories (Chinese, British, and Japanese) are in Wuchang but Hankow has a number of cotton-pressing plants. Other important exports are tung oil, grain, tobacco, and hides.

These interests and the importance of the shipping business have brought many foreigners of almost every nationality to Hankow. (Most of them have been evacuated during the past few weeks.) Before the great war there were five foreign concessions. Now only the Japanese and French remain.

Within the past few years Hankow increased its importance by building a powerful broadcasting station. Both Wuchang and Hankow have aerodromes; Hanyang is famous for its arsenal and its iron and steel works. Hankow has a daily air service with Chungking and, until recently, with Shanghai; a twice-weekly service connected it with the Shanghai–Peking air route. Obviously the loss of this important city would greatly cripple the Chinese Government.

F. E. Dean

THE DRUMS ARE OUT IN OLD MEXICO

Girl Supporters of Anti-Capitalist President Cardenas Parade Through the Streets of the Capital in Spectacular Fashion

MEXICO FOR THE MEXICANS THEIR SLOGAN: Girl supporters of President Cardenas, the Republic's anti-Capitalist leader, parading in the square outside the Presidential Palace, Mexico City, during a recent demonstration held in support of the Communist policy which found expression only last week in the Government's decision to seize the foreign-owned oilfields and hand them over to the workers. Following the expropriation demonstrators, many picturesquely clad, like those depicted on this page, were much to the fore

MEXICO'S UNIFORMED GIRLHOOD: *Above* and *on right*—Striking examples of the elaborate uniforms affected by young people of the popular movement, who last week paraded jubilantly through the capital following the Government's expropriation of the foreign-owned oilfields

YOUTH PARADES BEFORE THE PRESIDENT: This giant athletic demonstration, staged factories, took place a short while ago in the great square before the Presidential Pala in which youth is organised in Mexico—a land that has come into the news once again follo of the foreign-owned oilfields in accordance with the Communist principles of the Car the community, particularly the student fraternity, has jubilantly acclaimed the measure

A LEADER OF "THE LEFT": Señor Lombardo Toledano, spokesman of the workers, pictured at an open-air meeting held to discuss Mexico's attitude towards Japanese aggression in China. *On right*—President Cardenas walking through a factory during a personal examination of working-class conditions in the industri l areas. The President has made the foreign companies grant the most financially crippling concessions to their Mexican employees

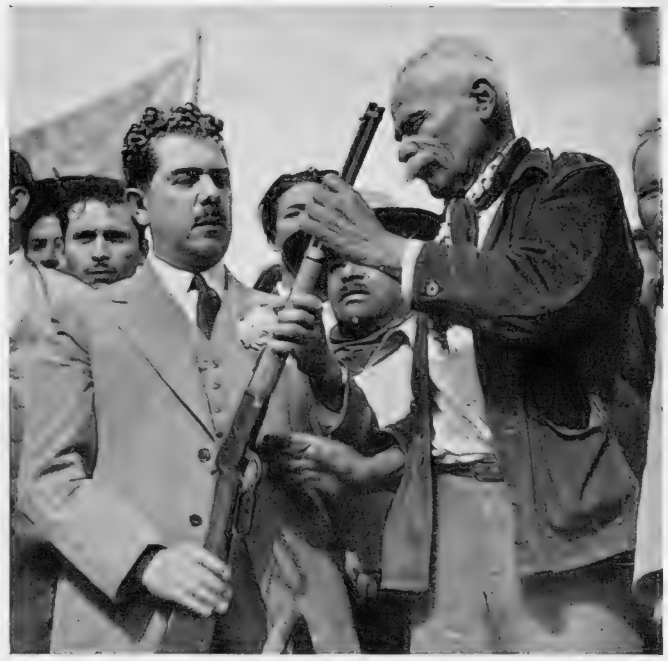
TRADE UNIONISTS ON PARADE: A demonstration in one of Mexico City's parks, the workers being assembled according to trades. The streamer in the foreground reads:—"Mixed Co-Operative Society of Workmen and Workwomen in Clothing and Outfitting Factories"

COMMUNIST MEXICO: POLITICAL and STUDENT LIFE

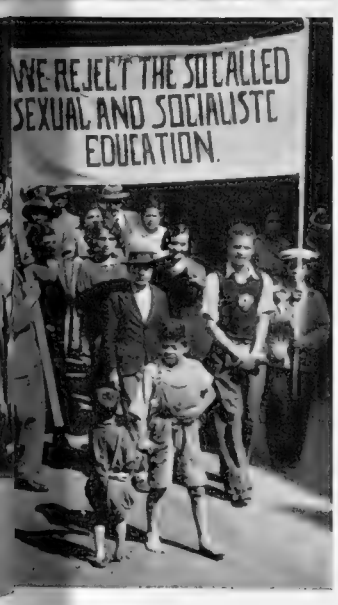
Where Youth Movements Strongly Influence the Government's Anti-Capitalist Policy

udents and picked workers from the xico City, and evidences the manner announcement of the expropriation vernment. The younger element in harly a potent influence in politics

THE RE-DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH: President Lazaro Cardenas, Mexico's anti-Capitalist leader, examining a plan during a visit to the Laguna district, where in the past eighteen months over 1,000,000 acres of rich land have been taken from the owners and distributed among the peons. Each man has been given 10 acres and the dispossessed landlords have had no compensation



PUTTING THE ANTI-FASCIST VIEWPOINT: Señor Lombardo Toledano, spokesman of the Mexican workers, addressing a meeting at which he denounced the methods of the Government's right-wing opponents. *On right above*—President Cardenas receiving a rifle from the hands of Fernando Murguia, a veteran of the 1910 Revolution, in exchange for a grant of land under the terms of the nation-wide re-distribution of farming property



On right—MECHANISED ATHLETICS: University students, in sports kit and wearing eye-shades, driving past the Presidential Palace during a demonstration in the presence of Señor Cardenas. Some of the youths were perched precariously on parallel bars

On left—DEMONSTRATION OF "THE RIGHT": Anti-socialists marching through the streets of Mexico City carrying banners, the first of which is, for some reason, written in English and indicts the educational policy of the Cardenas Government

General Franco Forms a Cabinet

Leaders of the New Administration Lately Set Up in Insurgent Spain

PILLARS OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT: *Left*—General Count Jordana, Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, pictured with General Martinez Anido, Minister of Public Order, and (*right*) General Davila, the Minister of Defence. All three are in the Cabinet (other members of which are depicted below) lately formed by General Franco at Burgos to administer insurgent Spain's affairs which during the earlier part of the war were conducted by what was known as a "Junta Tecnica." The Ministry now controls a large proportion of the peninsula and is devoting much attention to securing a return to normality behind the lines

INTERIOR
Señor Serrano Sunez

JUSTICE
Count de Rodezno

INDUSTRY
Dr. Juan Suanzes

EDUCATION
Dr. Pedro Rodriguez

PUBLIC WORKS
Dr. Alfonso Pena

AGRICULTURE
Dr. Fernandez Cuesta

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: The Duke of Bergamo, cousin of the King of Italy, seen (with hands clasped; left centre) as he left the church of S. Sepolcro, Milan, after being installed

The Knights of the Holy Sepulchre

Install Their New Commander in Milan

THE recent election of the Duke of Bergamo as Commander of the Knights of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre has directed public attention to one of the most ancient and historic Orders. So ancient, indeed, is it that even the most reliable authorities are at variance in some respects regarding the exact date of its foundation and the personality of its founder.

It undoubtedly, however, had its origin in the desire of the Christian Church at Rome to provide a body of men vowed to the protection of the last resting place of Christ. In the early days of the Order admission to it could be obtained only by those who could provide satisfactory evidence of their noble descent for at least five generations on the side of each parent. Such a pedigree was known as *seize quartiers* (sixteen quarterings), showing that all the grandparents and great-grand-parents were armigerous by birth, that is to say qualified to bear arms and entitled to a coat-armour from their fathers.

It is actually a secular fraternity that grew up in the course of time around the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was for the deliverance, on the other hand, of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels that the Crusades were initiated, and it was for its defence that military orders were afterwards founded. After the fall of the kingdom of Jerusalem at the end of the twelfth century, the custody of the Holy Sepulchre devolved on the Franciscans, which body had both a convent and a church there, and from their ranks the first Grand Master of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre was chosen.

In 1342 Pope Clement VI, in a Bull, officially committed the care of the Holy Sepulchre and Holy Land to the Franciscans. After that date to be enrolled a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre it was necessary to apply to the Franciscans. The headquarters of the Order in Jerusalem were undoubtedly the Franciscan convent. The first mention of a steward for the convent occurs in 1480 at which time there was in Jerusalem a German, known as John of Prussia, who acted in that capacity, and he, as a layman of birth, performed the ceremony of dubbing or of the accolade, as that ceremony involved the carrying of a sword, which was not consistent with the sacerdotal character of the Superior of the convent or any of the monks.

After the close of the fifteenth century the Superior assumed the title of Grand Master, which has been acknowledged by various pontifical diplomas, and was finally confirmed by a Bull of Benedict XIV in 1745.

The Grand Mastership and the right of nominating Knights were originally vested in the Holy See, though the Pope

(*Continued on page* 36)

THE DUKE OF BERGAMO: Another portrait in his robes of the new Commander of the Knights of the Sepulchre

FOREIGN SURVEY

HIS GRAND TOUR OVER: Mr. Herbert Hoover, the only living ex-President of the United States, talking at Waterloo to Baron Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador to London, before joining the *Normandie* boat train en route for America. Mr. Hoover has had an eventful tour in Europe, being received with particular enthusiasm in Belgium in recognition of his great war-relief work

GUEST OF THE PRESS: Dr. Stefan Osusky, the Czechoslovakian Minister in Paris, speaking at the luncheon given by the Anglo-American journalists in Paris last week, when he had much of interest to say regarding affairs in his own country. He was able to be re-assuring, as although the German Sudeten party in Czechoslovakia has lately increased in strength, having been joined by the German Clericals, it is noticeable that their pronouncements are more restrained than heretofore, and that they have omitted the word autonomy from their demands

POLITICS AND THE CHURCH IN FRANCE: M. Louis Marin, who represents one of the Right wing parties, leaving M. Blum's house after talking with the Premier during the recent Ministerial crisis when an unsuccessful attempt was made to form a National Government. *On left*—Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, distributing pies at a recent dinner given for aged Parisians

SPOKESMEN OF THE FRENCH WORKERS: *Left*—M. Journaux, the trade union leader, pictured after an audience with President Lebrun at which they discussed measures to be taken in factories to increase production for national defence. *Right*—M. Thorez, the Communist leader, who has up to now refused office

On left—
BRIGHTENING PARIS FOR THE ROYAL VISIT IN JUNE: The Foreign Ministry is only one of the many buildings in the city being painted in readiness for the arrival of King George and Queen Elizabeth

SABOTAGE HAS BEEN SUGGESTED as the cause of the destruction of this bridge over the new Albert Canal, Belgium, which collapsed just after a crowded train had passed over it. It was of welded steel construction, and that should have meant a high degree of strength; at any rate in the opinion of many railway engineers in this country who use welding largely in reinforcing existing structures and have found it increases efficiency to a notable degree. *On right*—A close-up of part of the wrecked bridge

THE LOST MOMENT:

With the Creation of Greater Germany the Austrian Royalist Party Loses Its Chance of Effecting a Restoration, its Efforts Dissipated

By C. F. MELVILLE

WITH the passing of independent Austria there vanishes from the scene the party of the House of Habsburg. Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Throne, who received a subsidy from the Schuschnigg regime, is now reduced to poverty, and rumour has it that he will seek a livelihood by making a lecture tour in the U.S.A.

Other members of his family, even less fortunate, are languishing in concentration camps in Nazified Austria. The Princes Ernst and Max Hohenburg, sons of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination in 1914 led to the great war, have been arrested by the Nazis. Likewise the aged Archduke Joseph Ferdinand of Habsburg-Lorraine, son of the Grand Duke of Toscana. Of the venerable Archduke Eugene nothing has been heard since Hitler's Austrian coup. Archduke Anton, husband of Princess Ileana of Rumania, was arrested, and then released. Archduke Albrecht is an Hungarian and lives in Budapest, and is therefore immune.

Thus Adolf Hitler, who even in the days when he lived in Vienna was credited with hatred for the House of Habsburg, has now succeeded in laying low that House.

HIS HOPES DASHED: Archduke Otto of Habsburg, whose chance of regaining the throne of Austria seemed at one time not impossible, is now deprived of the subsidy granted him by the late Schuschnigg Government and of his Austrian lands. This picture was taken outside his Belgian home, Castle Steenokerzeel

The Habsburg family for many centuries provided the Holy Roman Emperors of the German people. This lasted until 1806, when the Emperor Francis gave up his claim, which by this time had become more theoretical than real, to the Crown of Charlemagne and assumed the title of Emperor of Austria. After 1866 his title became Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. In that year, after the successful Prussian onslaught, Bismarck drove Austria out of the Germanic Confederation, and in 1870 created the German Empire of the Hohenzollerns; 1866 saw the beginning of what was known as the Dual Monarchy.

During the earlier years of post-war Austria, the Habsburgs were prescribed and their properties confiscated. The Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg restored to the Habsburgs many of their properties, and most of the family returned to their homeland. Only the Pretender, Archduke Otto, could not return owing to objections raised by Austria's neighbours.

Hitler's Germany opposed a restoration of the Habsburgs to the Austrian throne because it would have prevented the absorption of Austria by Germany. The Little Entente opposed it because it might have led to claims to the former Habsburg territories at present forming part of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia.

During the time when Austria herself did not want the Habsburgs back, there was a strong Legitimist Movement in Hungary. Then that Movement waned amongst the Magyars, but was born again amongst the Austrians.

Both Dollfuss and Schuschnigg were monarchists at heart. But both refrained from essaying a monarchist adventure because of the opposition from without. Both, however, regarded the restoration as a political card to be kept up the sleeve, which perhaps could one day be played as a final move to prevent the Austro-German *Anschluss*. "To-day is not propitious! But, to-morrow, perhaps?"

Baron von Wiesner, the man who drafted the ultimatum to Serbia in 1914 for Count Berchtold, became the leader of the Austrian monarchist organisation, the Iron Ring. He has now been arrested by the Nazis.

I remember discussing Habsburg hopes with him in his bedroom at Brown's Hotel, when he came to London last year. He claimed that his organisation had 1,000,000 adherents. Probably this was an optimistic computation. Nevertheless it is a fact that the monarchist movement had many adherents amongst the nobility and the more Conservative section of the middle classes. It also had some adherents amongst the working classes, who preferred Habsburg to Hitler.

Baron von Wiesner told me that the monarchy, if restored, would be democratic, and also that it would be content with Austria's present frontiers, and would not lay claim to the old pre-war dominions. Austria's neighbours probably did not believe this. One wonders whether Archduke Otto's ambitious mother, the ex-Empress Zita, would have been content with such a modest domain. For her political mind is still rather in the sixteenth century. But it seems evident that many in the Legitimist Movement were ready to realise that the dream of recovering the wider realm was no longer practical politics.

For a time Signor Mussolini flirted with the idea of sponsoring a Habsburg restoration. Later, after the creation of the Rome-Berlin axis, and also the burying of the hatchet between Italy and Yugoslavia, the Duce dropped the Habsburgs with scant ceremony.

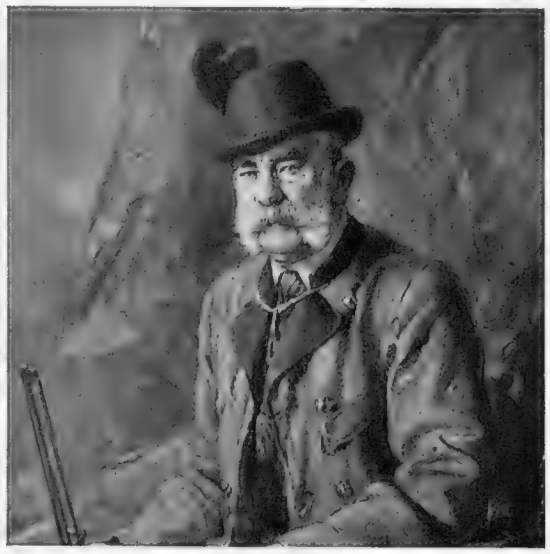
Official London said that if everybody concerned would agree to it, Britain would have no objections to the restoration. But Britain did not think the moment propitious. Official London was quite safe in saying this, knowing that everybody concerned—i.e., Austria and all her neighbours—never would agree on the matter.

Perhaps if Schuschnigg had finally played the Habsburg card, after Berchtesgaden . . . ? Who knows? Hitler might have been kept out of Austria? It is impossible to say whether that gamble would have succeeded or not.

Schönbrunn, Belvedere and the Hofburg—relics of a great past; peopled by the shades of Rudolf, Maria Theresa, Joseph II, and Franz Joseph, those members of a tragic dynasty; and that past of the reigning Emperors, the ill-fated Charles, husband of Zita, who tried twice without success to regain his throne after the war, and died in poverty and in exile!

In the Vienna treasure vault there reposes the Iron Crown of Charlemagne, the first Holy Roman Emperor. At the last Nazi Conference in Nuremburg, Herr Hitler had on the table before him a copy of the Iron Crown brought from Achten. It is believed that at the next Nuremburg rally he will have the original Iron Crown before him, which will be brought from Vienna. Will he place it on his own head? It is to be hoped that the last unhappy survivors of the ill-fated House of Habsburg will be spared this last indignity.

MOTHER AND SON: Ex-Empress Zita of Austria, wife of the late Emperor Charles, who succeeded to the throne in 1916 and abdicated in 1918, pictured in 1927 with her son, Archduke Otto



HE REIGNED FOR SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS: The Emperor Francis Joseph I, great-grandfather of Archduke Otto, whose long reign was overshadowed by tragedy, both for his own country and for his own family

ROYALLY DECKED: An official portrait of Archduke Otto in traditional costume and wearing his Orders of Chivalry. He is 25 years old and the eldest of the eight children of the late Emperor Charles

This Was Austria

Glimpses of Life in the State That Has Now Become a Mere Province of Greater Germany

THE AUSTRIAN OF TRADITION: In national costume he is indeed a romantic figure and epitomises the leisured dignity of a people who above all things know the art of good living. What the future holds for them none can tell, but it is to be hoped that at least a measure of their individuality will survive the Nazification that is now proceeding so intensely in the province

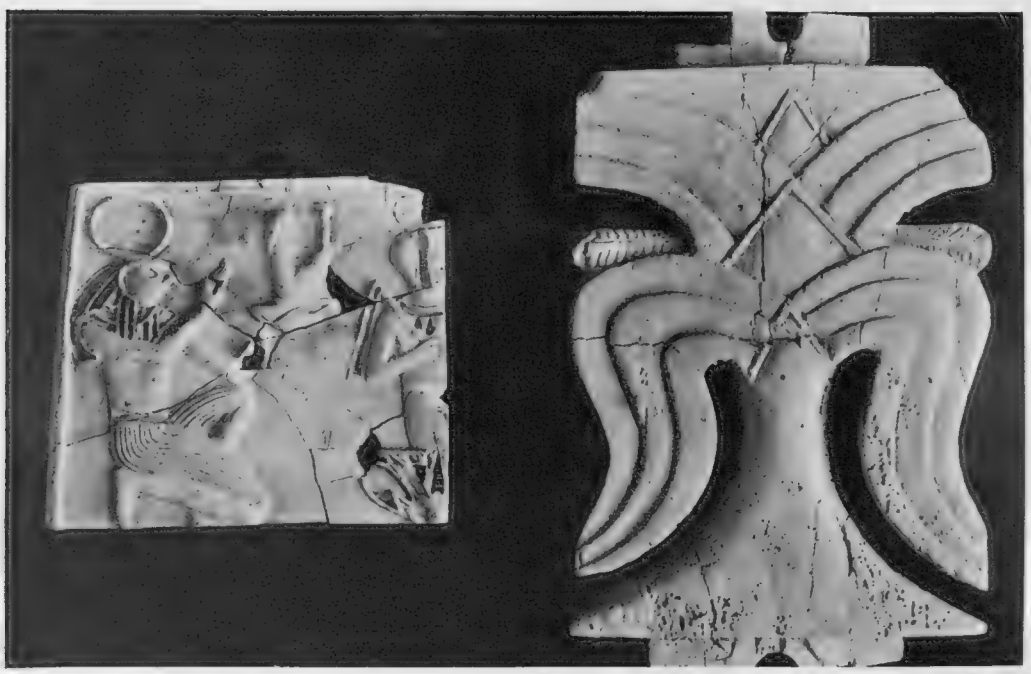
LEDERHOSEN AND DIRNDL: A peasant girl of Tyrol in national costume with her two male partners whose thigh-slapping exuberance is such a feature of the Tyrolean brand of dancing. The atmosphere of Tyrol has always appealed to the Briton and, as witness of this, many will recall the success of the musical comedy, *The White Horse Inn*

ARRESTED BY THE NAZIS: Prince Max of Hohenberg, son of the Archduke Ferdinand who was murdered at Serajevo in 1914, is among the several members of the House of Habsburg who have been arrested since the annexation of Austria. *On right*—Members of leading orders passing through the streets of Vienna during a day of Roman Catholic festival

JERUSALEM'S NEW

The City's Magnificent Archæologic Munificence, to House the Discoveri

FOUND IN AHAB'S PALACE AT SAMARIA: This ivory object, depicting a fight between a lion and a bull, is among the notable exhibits in Jerusalem's new Archæological Museum which has recently been completed with funds provided by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, son of the late John D., and is a veritable treasure-house of the hosts of objects brought to light in the Holy Land during the period of the British mandate



RICHLY ADORNED IVORY: These two objects, also on view in Jerusalem's new Archæological Museum, were found on the site of Ahab's Palace at Samaria. On the left is the kneeling figure of a falcon-headed god making an offering of maat (truth) to Harpocrates. On the right is a representation of a drooping palm

THE recently completed Archæological Museum in Jerusalem is not only a worthy home for the innumerable and varied treasures in the form of monuments, tombs, sculpture, statues, entablatures, friezes, weapons, agricultural implements, household articles, jewellery and coins which have been dug up on Bible sites since the British occupation, but a most fitting centenary commemoration of excavation work in Palestine. It was in 1838, a hundred years ago, that Dr. Edward Robinson, the son of an American clergyman, began exploration and excavation work in Palestine. One of his early discoveries was the remains of the spring of a gigantic arch that once spanned the Tyropean Valley connecting the Temple Hill of Jerusalem with the residential section.

It is significant that during this hundred years of research carried out by eminent scientists representing many different nations and schools of thought, there has not been a single discovery which has disproved the accuracy of the Bible. Discovery after discovery has established the accuracy of the sacred narrative and brought increased recognition of the value of the Bible as a source of history. Obscurities have become clear and theology as a whole has gained immeasurably as a result.

One of the first acts of the British when they took over the country was to establish a Department of Antiquities in Jerusalem to control and facilitate the work of the excavator. It gave an added impetus to the scientific investigation of the contents of the tells, or artificial mounds, with which the country is dotted. During recent years these tells, which denote the sites of lost cities, have been excavated in a scientific manner. Upon the more important ones as much as £5,000 to £7,000 is sometimes expended in a single season and the services of an army of natives are requisitioned, numbering from 250 to as many as 400.

THE KNEELING VENUS: This torso, found at Ascalon, the city of the Philistines to which Israel laid unsuccessful claim, is also among the many treasures housed in the new Archæological Museum

The valuable finds made on these sites were housed in a private house in the Nablus Road. It soon became overcrowded when the municipality of Jerusalem received a generous offer of £400,000 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jun. One half of this sum was spent on building the museum and the other half on endowment. It is a magnificent pile grouped round a central imposing tower, the design being a happy blend of Eastern and Western architecture. It is built of white stone which came from a new quarry a little way down the Jericho Road. The building houses the administration of the Department of Antiquities, the museum collections, and the library of the department.

The museum, erected from the designs of the city architect, Mr. Austen St. B. Harrison, occupies an eminence at the north-east corner of the city, just outside the ancient walls. It stands on the site where the late King Edward VII camped when he visited Jerusalem as Prince of

A WORTHY ARCHITECTURAL ADDITION TO THE HOLY CITY: general view of the new Archæological Museum at Jerusale taken from the city wall, part of which is seen in the for ground. It is the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and at la

THE PATIO, with its sunken lily pond, makes a charming centr feature of the Museum and from it access is gained to th various galleries. The flat-roofed tower affords a magnifice view of the old quarter of Jerusalem. The hills in the back

THE SOUTH GALLERY: One of the Museum's imposing halls when the exhibits are arranged in chronological order, starting fro the famous Galilee skull, the first specimen of palæolithic ma to be unearthed in Palestine, and followed by bone, flint, potter

TREASURE HOUSE

Museum, Built with the Aid of American Made in Excavations on the Biblical Sites

gives a fitting home to the numerous treasures unearthed in Palestine during the period of British protection. It is a magnificent pile grouped round an imposing central tower. The white stone used in its construction came from a new quarry on the Jericho road

ground form part of the Olivet and Scopus range, the buildings of the Hebrew University being just discernible on the heights on the left. The Museum itself stands on the site where the late King Edward VII camped when he visited Jerusalem as Prince of Wales

and clay objects illustrating the emergence of man from his pristine primitive state to a more or less settled way of living. The development of various crafts is interestingly portrayed, Egyptian, Persian, Phoenician, Syrian, and many other influences being discernible

DATING FROM THE DAYS WHEN ISRAEL WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE HEATHEN: These artistically carved lions displayed in the Museum were found in Samaria in excavations conducted on the site of the Palace of Ahab, the warrior king who in his reign of twenty-two years waged two successful campaigns against the Syrians and on both occasions returned to Israel with much treasure looted from his conquered foes

TWO MORE TREASURES: *Left*—An ancient censer, dating from about 900 B.C., unearthed at Bethel. In it were placed hot coals and incense, being kept alive through a blow-pipe attachment. *Right*—A decorated sarcophagus of the second century A.D., found at Caesarea, a place rich in Biblical associations. The town was built by Herod between 25 and 13 B.C., and many important finds have been made there

A PERFUME FLASK carved in the form of a woman wearing a long skirt. It comes from Lachish, the town which was destroyed by Joshua and frequently referred to in the Old Testament story

Wales. The tree under which his tent stood is still preserved in the museum grounds.

The exhibits are arranged in chronological order and portray the career of man in Palestine from the beginnings of human activity to comparatively recent times. The famous Galilee skull, the first specimen of palæolithic man to be discovered in Palestine, is shown with contemporary flint implements, followed by bone, flint, pottery, and clay objects illustrating the emergence of man from a hunter to an agriculturist, and from a nomadic to a settled way of living. The development of crafts and of metal work is interestingly portrayed from the early bronze age to fairly recent times. In these *objets d'art* Israelite, Egyptian, Persian, Phoenician, Syrian, Cypriote, and other influences are plainly discernible.

There are relics dug up in and around Jerusalem, more particularly from Mount Ophel, pottery and glassware from ancient Jericho, including jars of foodstuff found in the store-room of the palace there; jewellery from Teleilet el Ghassoul, believed to be the site of Sodom; an inscribed vase and bowl, toilet articles, and letters written on pieces of pottery from Lachish; Canaanite treasures from Kirjath Sepher; beautifully chased and embossed jewellery from Old Gaza which Sir Flinders Petrie assures us came from Ireland; treasures from Megiddo ascribed to the time of Solomon; hundreds of pieces of ivory articles from Ahab's palace at Samaria; Canaanitish temple treasures from Beisan and interesting relics from Bible sites in Galilee.

These exhibits are shown in galleries grouped round a patio or central court with its sunken lily pond. At the northern end

(Continued on page 48)

"HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS IS MY HAND" is the inscription scrawled in uneven characters on this red pottery bowl unearthed at Lachish and dating from about the year 1300 B.C. It was deciphered by Dr. Longden, the Professor of Assyriology at Oxford

"THE POLISH FLEET SAILS" was the headline in a London evening paper during the recent crisis between Poland and Lithuania; and, although this has a high sounding air, the Polish fleet is none the less a thoroughly efficient force. The *Burza*, depicted above, is one of Poland's four largest vessels. It is a destroyer and was built in France

What of Poland's Navy?

As Yet a Diminutive Force, But, Withal, a Factor in Baltic Politics

THE Polish Navy has won the first real victory of its short career and although it was an entirely bloodless one the fact that it was the fleet which turned the balance in the Lithuanian dispute will make an immense difference to its popularity in the country. It has already been making great strides in that direction, largely owing to the enthusiasm of Jan Kiepura, the famous film singer, who has sacrificed a lot of his professional income to impress on his fellow-countrymen the importance of a fleet capable of offering a stout defence on their short coast-line.

It has been a task, for the Polish Navy is entirely an *artificial* one, created after the war, and the people have quite different interests. The Poles have never been seamen by nature and seldom take to the sea from choice; before the war they were the only Baltic people who were not to be found in any number in sailing ships' forecastles.

When Poland attained her independence at the end of the war the acquisition of a small fleet for defensive and revenue purposes was one of her first actions. The Allies allotted her one large and five small torpedo boats surrendered by the Germans; one of the latter proved beyond repair so Poland was allowed to buy a second large one from Brazil, who had no use for her. Two ex-Russian gunboats to which the Finns had helped themselves when they were abandoned by their crews at the time of the revolution were taken over.

About 1,500 officers and men who had served in the Austrian and Czarist Russian navies were glad enough to serve under the Polish ensign, but from the very first it was to be a really national service as soon as possible, and training was seriously undertaken, the three-masted schooner *Iskra* and the full-rigged ship *Dar Pomorza* converting landsmen bred far away from blue water into more than fair seamen. They are intensely keen on their work and make an excellent impression in foreign ports, although their serious outlook is very different from that of our own young seamen.

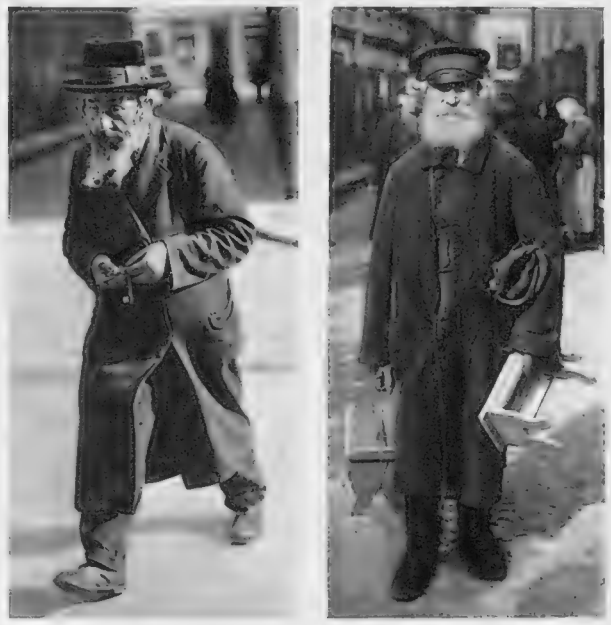
At present the backbone of the Navy is four big destroyers, the *Blyskawica* and *Grom* built in Britain and the *Burza* and *Wicher* in France, a 2,200-ton Diesel-driven minelayer, five submarines, five torpedo boats, and a large number of small craft, manned by 3,300 officers and men, but they plan to have two 25,000-ton battleships, an aircraft carrier, and many destroyers and submarines before ten years have elapsed.

Poland's Vital Population Question

POLAND is faced with a serious problem—the over-population of the country. There are 34,000,000 living in Poland with an annual increase of about 400,000, and about 60 per cent. of this population is rural. It is generally agreed that 200 acres of cultivated land will support about 30 agricultural labourers. In France there are 23; in Belgium 33; in Holland, Austria, and Great Britain it varies from 28 to 33; while in Denmark the number falls to 15. In Poland there are 48. The only country comparable is Italy where there are 44. This means that of the 20,000,000 or so of Polish peasants living on the land about half are in excess of what the land can support. As a result the great mass are very poor and seriously affected by the low price of agricultural products. The weekly earnings of the peasant are incredibly low as compared with other European countries. A people so impoverished is scarcely able to feed itself and quite incapable of buying objects of real necessity. A Pole consumes eight times more potatoes and five times less sugar than an Englishman—a comparison which says much.

(*Continued on page 42*)

IN THE GHETTO AT VILNA: A Jewish householder at the entrance to his home. There are 3,028,837 Jews in Poland, and all have lately been affected by the Government enactment forbidding the ritual slaughter of animals for meat



THE BURDEN OF ANTI-SEMITISM: The German Jew (*left*) the Polish Jew (*right*) are typical of the older Hebrew types of East Central Europe from two social grades

CLOSED AND SHUTTERED, WITH SOLDIERS AT THE DOOR: One of the leading Jewish shops in Vienna which has been compelled to cease business since the advent of the Nazis

"JEWISH FIRM" run the fateful words of this notice pasted by the Nazis on the window of a Vienna shop. The proprietor dares not remove it, and he knows his trade is virtually gone

The JEW in EUROPEAN LANDS

Scenes In Greater Germany, and Poland, Where He Is Suffering Harsh Enactments

Eyewitness in VIENNA

A First Hand Account of the Recent Fateful Days of the German Invasion

The author of this article is the wife of a British M.P., was an eyewitness of Hitler's coup d'état *in Vienna. She has just returned to England with her small daughter and in this article tells the story of what she saw during the fateful days and nights of March 11, 12, and 13.*

THE days and nights of March 11, 12, and 13 still seem like a nightmare to me and I am still surprised that they could have been as awful as they were. When my daughter and I went to Vienna we anticipated some difficulties which would confine themselves to conferences between anxious Governments and excited headlines in newspapers. What happened exceeded all our expectations. There was very little evidence of the existence of an appreciable number of Nazis in Vienna, and that a whole city should have undergone such an overwhelming change is something so surprising that I have not yet found an explanation for it.

To whomsoever I spoke and whose opinion I tried to discover, everybody maintained that it was impossible that Hitler should succeed. Everybody on the contrary was glad to see what stand Schuschnigg had taken and admired his courage. Many people said that his attitude towards the working people was a good one, but perhaps had come too late to be of any real use to anyone. Unfortunately that has become a bitter truth.

At the beginning of last week it became evident that something was afoot. Small groups of young people walked the main streets of Vienna openly defying the rules which forbade the wearing of the swastika, particularly of the swastika surrounded by a circle which indicated membership of the party, and greeting each other by raising their arms, and, in many cases, provoking the police by shouting "Heil, Hitler!" The police were very calm, and those to whom I did speak were to all appearances not Nazis.

What happened subsequently makes me wonder just how much the people of Vienna were capable of hiding their real feelings, whether they became frightened or whether more forceful arguments were used to help them to make up their minds. The fact remains that a comparatively peaceful and happy Vienna had so completely changed its face by the Saturday that one could not believe one's eyes at the rapidity with which it happened.

On Wednesday groups of people collected, mainly at the corners of the Opernring and in the Karntner Strasse, and a considerable number of policemen were in evidence. On Thursday night I saw them use their rubber truncheons in an effort to separate colliding forces. On Friday morning, not very large groups of young people belonging to the Vaterlandische Front walked through the streets singing and carrying flags, not receiving a great deal of friendly reception.

In the late afternoon, I was told that Schuschnigg had ordered the cancellation of the plebiscite. It seemed so impossible that I went immediately to a journalist friend to discover the truth and was just in time to listen to Schuschnigg's last speech on the radio and his resignation. It was very dramatic, and his distress was evident by the hesitation and the intervals in his speech. At the end, an orchestra struck up the old Habsburg anthem, and it cost us who listened a great effort not to be completely overcome.

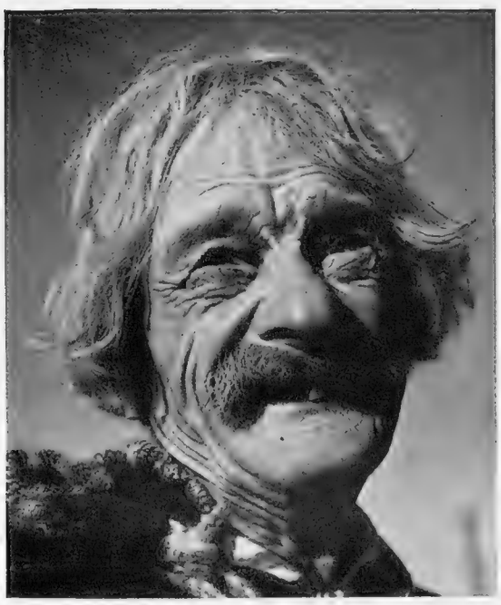
After that, things happened with great rapidity. We left the house in a great hurry because of the likelihood of occupation by Nazis of a neighbouring house in which Austrian troops were stationed, which would effectively have turned our house into a prison. That same evening we were witnesses of the beginning of a chapter of unhappiness for a Jewish family who had not yet heard either of the resignation of Schuschnigg or the cancellation of the plebiscite or of the two ultimatums delivered that afternoon.

We sat miserably in a dark corridor, everybody thinking a good many thoughts which we had not the courage to tell each other. Three daughters of one family, each one very clever at her job, suddenly confronted with that unpleasant uncertainty which precedes all Nazi demonstrations, that she would no longer be wanted, that all her work would have been in vain and that somewhere, sometime, she would have to start all over again. Perhaps not even that would be possible, because they all of them might become *Staatenlos*—fugitives—not wanted by anyone and handed over to despair. With such thoughts and with the incredible amount of noise with which the adherents of the Nazi faith expressed their joy underneath our window, it was impossible to sleep.

Next morning on leaving my room, I found to my amazement that the landing outside was crowded with S.S. officers, demanding to be shown all

(*Continued on page 48*)

THE STEADY GAIT OF RURAL LIFE: Oxen drawing a wagon on a farm in Slovakia, the middle-eastern province of Czechoslovakia—the new State which emerged from the Peace Treaty and is now so much in the news in view of the outspoken attitude of the German minority living within its borders following the Nazi annexation of neighbouring Austria. The bulk of Czechoslovakia's German population is congregated on the fringes of Moravia and Bohemia, a much smaller proportion being found in Ruthenia and Slovakia. The Slovaks are for the most part hard-working peasants practising a somewhat backward husbandry, but their intelligentsia have through all their vicissitudes always maintained a strong cultural connection with the Czechs

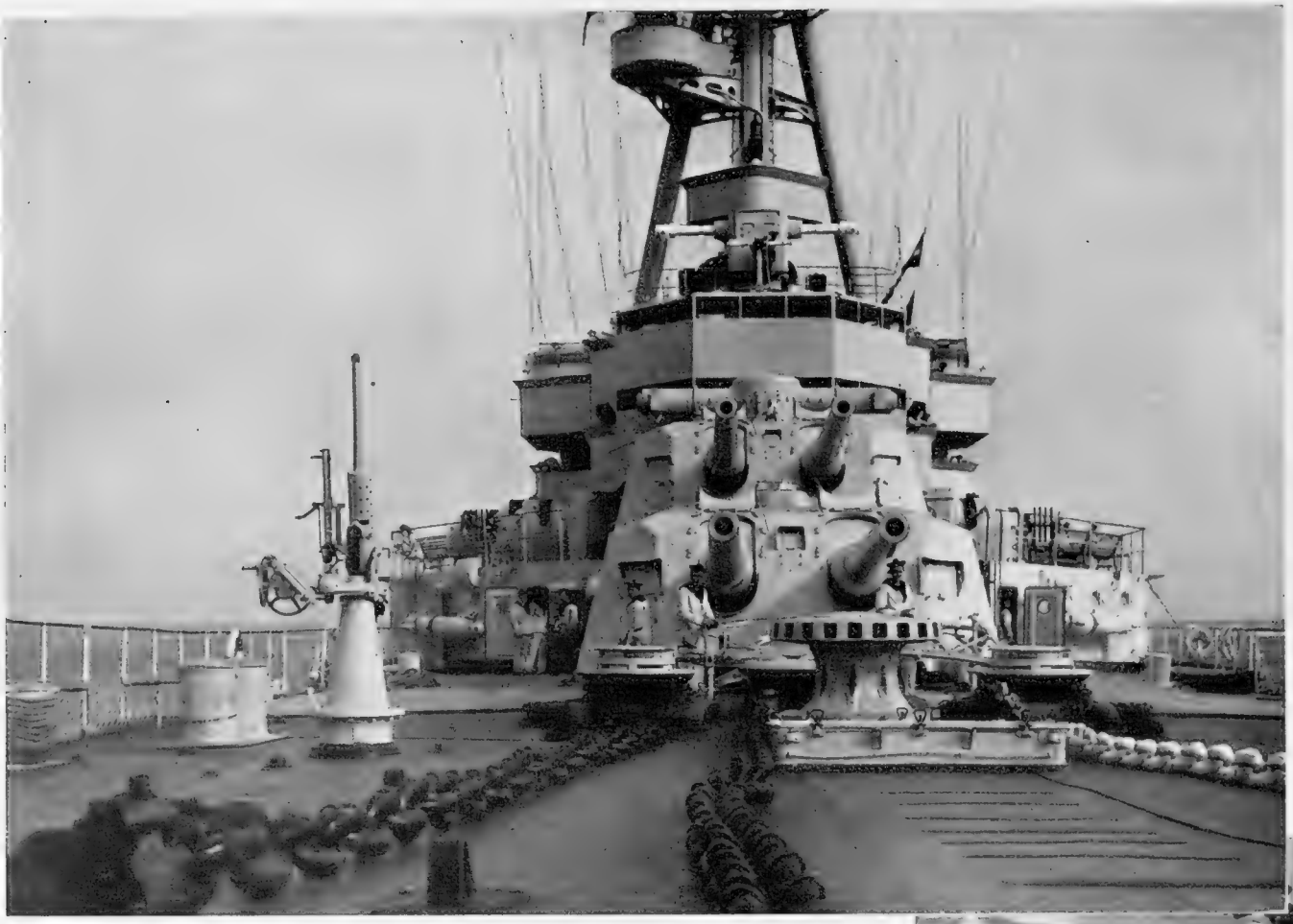


THE WEATHERBEATEN COUNTENANCE of this Slovak peasant is typical of his race. They are a hard-working farming people, content to till the soil in the manner of their forefathers and to eke out a modest livelihood

Rural SLOVAKIA

By the Treaty of Peace of September 10, 1919, the Allied and Associated Powers formally recognised the newly constituted Czechoslovak Republic, declaring that the peoples of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and a part of Silesia had decided of their own free will to unite for the purpose of forming a single sovereign independent State. Thus out of the wreck of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy came into being a new power in Europe. The Czechs and the Slovaks are really a branch of the great Slav family, of which the Russians are the most numerous and to which the Serbo-Croats, the Slovenes, the Bulgarians, and the Poles also belong. The Slovaks, who form the subject of the accompanying pictures, number about 2,500,000 out of a total population of over 14,000,000 and are for the most part peasant farmers. They suffered for eight centuries under Magyar oppression, but, being pliant in disposition, have adapted themselves readily to their new conditions of freedom. Their costumes and their old customs are picturesque in the extreme, having an individuality that lends them especial charm

DEVOTION THE KEYNOTE OF THEIR LIVES: Picturesquely clad Slovak peasants at prayer in a village church. The Slovaks are predominantly Catholic and in their religion find their chief solace in a life of almost ceaseless toil



THE CRUISER "COLBERT": Looking towards the forward turret, with its four 8-in. guns and range-finders above, in this 10,000-ton warship which took part in the March manœuvres in the Mediterranean. *Below*—Using a range-finder on the superstructure of the *Colbert*

A DESTROYER CUTTING THE LI between the 10,000-ton sister cruis *Foch* and *Colbert* during the rec manœuvres in the Mediterran

ADMIRAL DARLAND, Commander-in-Chief of the French Mediterranean Fle on the bridge of *Colbert*. *Below*—A sailor using a "bearing gea device on the destroyer *Mistral*, a vessel of 1,300 tons built in 19

RECENTLY the French Navy has been putting in more sea time than at any period since the war, and with the Treasury imposing practically no stint in fuel and practise ammunition, the Ministry of Marine is taking every opportunity of giving the conscript ratings—mostly practical seamen from boyhood by their service in the fishing fleet—thorough training in their naval duties. At the same time the officers, who are often criticised through being made to spend so much of their time on theoretical work—what the British naval officer rather facetiously calls X-chasing—are getting plenty of experience in handling their ships and of working out their theoretical schemes in practice in the critical areas.

For half a century the great anxiety of the French Navy has been the prote tion of the "Main Artery" from the North African Departments to Souther France, through which the country expects to draw its main supplies of food an fighting men. Some years ago the Italian menace to this "Main Artery" appeare to be so great that there was even some talk of abandoning it and substituting a route outside the Straits of Gibraltar from the Western Moroccan ports t Bordeaux. This second string is still receiving attention, although it is a colossa task to make the African ports fit to handle a very large tonnage. But there i no longer any suggestion of abandoning the Mediterranean route; it is to b

France's Bigger Navy on Manœuvres

Special Pictures Taken with the Approval of the French Ministry of Marine During the Recent Exercises Held in the Mediterranean

Below—A 37 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, which is carried on all the destroyers of the Simoun class and also on the 10,000-ton cruisers. The barrel has a special cooling jacket attached

defended at all costs and the French Navy is constantly practising. Most of the big ships are in the Atlantic Squadron; the Mediterranean Squadron and the local forces at Toulon and Bizerta consist principally of fast cruisers up to 10,000 tons displacement, the famous flying "flotilla leaders" whose size would make any country which had signed the Treaty of London regard them as cruisers, modern destroyers, and submarines. There are also a large number of patrol vessels of various sizes which are not only useful as an outpost line but also on account of their numerous anti-aircraft guns which would make raiders pass through a very wide defensive area. These ships are now constantly at work.

The task of convoying French merchant ships through the Spanish danger zone which lies directly between Marseilles and French North Africa is the finest possible training, for it is always carried out under strict service conditions, excepting only for navigation lights. In addition, strategical and tactical exercises, from full-scale manœuvres, including every available ship, to sectional exercises by the various formations and flotillas, follow on one another's heels almost incessantly and there are few grumbles about the work involved, although it is certainly hard. But the Navy is still not satisfied and earnestly desires quicker construction of new units which it wants to see added to the Fleet. F. C. B.

IN and AROUND LONDON

THE SPREAD OF COUNTY HALL: Two giant sections in York Road, one rather further advanced than the other, of the new L.C.C. offices being erected on sites adjoining the present buildings which are no longer adequate to house the enormous central administrative staff of about 5,300 employed in London's government. The total number of L.C.C. employees is 72,000

THE FUTURE OF THE OBELISKS IN LUDGATE CIRCUS has lately been discussed by the City authorities, the suggestion being that they should be removed in order to relieve congestion at this important traffic point. One obelisk commemorates John Wilkes, who fought so gallantly for the liberty of the Press, and the other Robert Waithman, a draper, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1823

NOW A RIGHT OF WAY: With the demolition of Buccleuch House, the footpath along the Surrey bank of the Thames at Richmond will be continued through this property, thus eliminating the wide detour that formerly had to be made by walkers along the river. The footpath now stretches uninterruptedly for seven miles

NOT MINCING MATTERS: This quaint notice, dating back to 1545, has been cleaned, repainted, and placed in a prominent position in Staple Inn, Holborn, where for some time renovation work has been taking place

ONE-WAY TRAFFIC IS AT PRESENT IN FORCE ON RICHMOND BRIDGE as it is in process of being widened. It is a handsome stone-built structure, dating from 1777, and when the work is completed its pleasant aspect will remain unimpaired

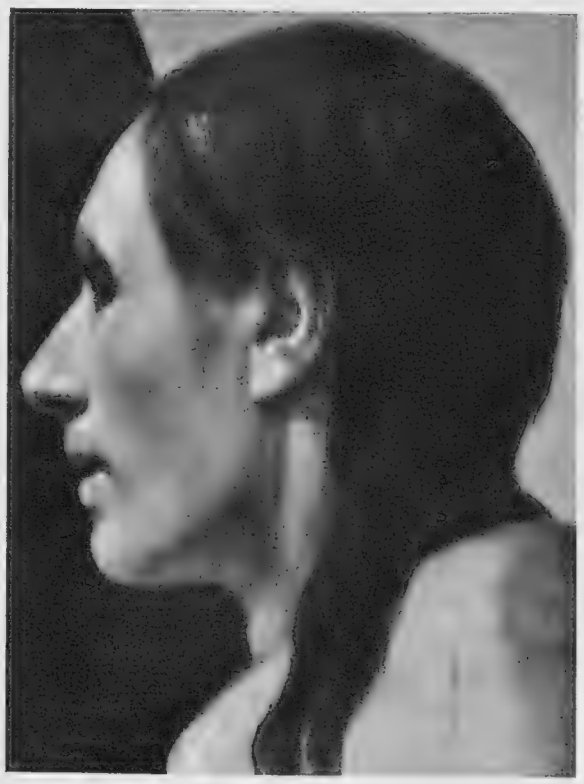
A Newly Discovered Vermeer:

A Work by the Master of Delft Found in a Paris Art Sale and Purchased by a Rotterdam Museum

"AS HE SAT AT MEAT WITH THEM, HE TOOK BREAD AND BLESSED IT, AND BRAKE, AND GAVE TO THEM. AND THEIR EYES WERE OPENED AND THEY KNEW HIM": It was this supreme moment at Emmaus, when the disciples recognised Jesus following his resurrection, that Vermeer recorded in this hitherto unidentified picture. It came on to the market a short while ago in Paris and, after being recognised as authentic, was purchased by the Boymans Museum at Rotterdam. From the point of view of psychological penetration, depicting as it does a moment of exhaltation, it exceeds any of Vermeer's known paintings

IN "MONA LISA" VEIN: The face of the woman servant, seen here in detail, is a remarkable piece of characterisation in the newly-discovered work by Vermeer, of which nothing was known until it made its appearance in Paris last year

Modern scholarship only recognises forty-one pictures from the hand of Vermeer, but with the discovery of this new masterpiece in Paris yet another work is added, and many will deem it among the finest of this Dutch master's achievements, for it combines at once simplicity, depth, a sense of the dramatic, and a dynamic virility not to be found in most of his works which stand aloof from the world's surging emotions. When the picture appeared in a Paris sale last year Dr. Bredius, an eminent authority on seventeenth-century Dutch art, immediately identified it as a Vermeer, recognising the familiar blue and yellow tones, the master's favourite colours, and the highly individual technique. Thereafter the picture passed into the hands of Messrs. Hoogendijk, art dealers, of Amsterdam, from whom it has been purchased by the Boymans Museum at Rotterdam where it is to be exhibited in the coming summer. The photographs reproduced herewith are the first to be taken



THE RECOGNITION: A detail of the face of one of the disciples from the newly-found Vermeer picture. His look of dawning astonishment at the re-appearance of the Saviour is shown with masterly skill, conveying a message deeply inspiring

DRAMA!

FRANK VIVALDI, THE MAD ACTOR, played by Laurence Olivier, is certified by Dr. McGilp (Alexander Knox) and forthwith removed to a private mental home. One of the opening episodes in *The King of Nowhere*, the play by James Bridie, which has been presented at the Old Vic, and is among the first pieces by a contemporary author to be shown at this theatre

NO ONE nowadays needs to be told that war is a fool's business, a thing which can delight only idiots. Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, the author of *Idiot's Delight* at the Apollo Theatre. has been congratulated widely on having arrived at this not very novel conclusion and on having achieved an effective piece of anti-war propaganda. Which is as it should be, if not necessarily a matter for congratulation.

It is, however, much more difficult to make a play ring as true as the message it carries, and herein lies the greater cause for congratulation. *Idiot's Delight* is a live play, and if it is not a perfect one it is in every sense of the word a thundering good entertainment from its opening scene in an hotel "on a mountain peak on the Continent of Europe in any imminent year" to the moment that hotel is bombed into bloodstained wreckage as the curtain falls. That the prescience of Mr. Sherwood, who had this play produced in New York as long ago as 1936 (when it won the Pulitzer prize) has been uncanny is merely an incidental point. I am less interested in Mr. Sherwood as a wise guy in European politics than in Mr. Sherwood as a playwright who can turn such politics to his own advantage for the purposes of his art. This he does by refraining from any highfalutin' stuff and from using the theatrical figures of convention, with the possible exception of the famous scientist who, on the verge of a discovery of a cure for cancer, has to abandon all such activities in favour of making bombs and poison gas, and has to devote his exceptional brains to destroying human lives instead of saving them. So beautifully did Mr. Franklin Dyall play the part that I forgot how familiar a stage friend is that famous scientist, and that cancer-infected rats are among the things which, for theatrical purposes, we could very well do without. To the author, as well as to the scientist, they appeared to be indispensable and prompted his one really execrable joke—about smuggling the cancerous rats across the frontier at the same time that an American "hoofer" and cabaret impresario was smuggling out a bevy of blonde chorines. Even when jokes about cancer are good I don't like them.

But that was the sole lapse in an evening of excitement and amusement too. The aeroplanes which zoomed over that hotel did not interfere with my enjoyment of a cabaret, with Mr. Raymond Massey, who has played Hamlet, getting every ounce of point and of subtle comedy in taking a leaf out of the book of Mr. Fred Astaire and Mr. Jack Buchanan. If Mr. Massey's tap-dancing had been either better or worse the fun it caused would have been cut down to a fraction. In his non-dancing moments he was half philosopher, half wisecracker, and wholly delightful. A great performance. He is accompanied by the aforesaid blonde chorines, a gathering of predatory young gum-chewing animals whom Mr. Damon Runyon would have labelled "ritzy dolls." Each one of them struck me as being a capable comedienne, with Miss Pat Denny and Miss Eileen McCarthy as the most capable pair, though, possibly only because they were given more opportunity than their fellows.

Miss Tamara Geva, with more opportunity than any of them, and, indeed, more than anyone else in the play (for every bit of dramatic fat was handed to her on the hottest of plates) was not wholly satisfactory; for it was not quite the fault of the author that his fine play developed dull patches only when she was concerned with it. She has talent, but not as yet technique to any outstanding extent. It is a part in which glamour, exoticism, and the rest of it are all important; she has some glamour, but in this glamour business one has to hit the bull's-eye and go on hitting it. A praiseworthy series of "inners" is hardly sufficient.

Mr. Hugh Miller seemed on the mild side for a man alleged to stir up wars for the express purpose of making millions by selling armaments. But perhaps the typical armament manufacturer really is a mild man; the passion of the only member of the tribe I ever met was string-quartets. Mr. Carl Jaffe put immense gusto and vigour into the part of an indignant Communist who declared that he belonged to no nation. He would have been more dramatically impressive had he not followed this up by speaking a language which, as far as I could gather, belonged to no nation. Anyway, I had the greatest difficulty in understanding what he said. Mr. Ralph Roberts, on the other hand, was not only audible and intelligible, even when the aeroplanes were about, but gave us a perfect miniature study of a middle-aged conscripted waiter.

Idiot's Delight, apart from any lesson it may or may not teach, is a play to be seen—if possible more than once. This is as yet far and away the most important production of the year.

"Flood Tide."—Some time ago Mr. A. P. Herbert wrote a novel about a man who lived on the banks of the Thames and dropped into it the murdered body of a housemaid, which floated about with the tide and caused a packet of trouble. Mr. Herbert knows all about such things—I mean the Thames and the tides, not the murdering of housemaids. This yarn has turned up again in the form of a play founded upon it (not by Mr. Herbert) entitled *Flood Tide*, and produced at the Phœnix Theatre.

After the drama had, as it were, got going, which took an unconscionable time owing to a long preliminary conversation about nothing in particular, it developed into a murder theme of considerable ingenuity. It has, to my mind, the great and original merit of containing no attempts at being both murderous and funny at the same time. The hero (or villain) is a famous artist, and his victim has taken a step up in the social scale and has indulged in a lowish form of high life above stairs—that is to say, she is the artist's discarded mistress. He had not intended to kill her, only to stop her from making accusations which his adored wife might overhear. But kill her he did, and dump her in the Thames he did, with the assistance of his faithful friend, inferior as an artist but

WHILE NURSE APPLEBY LOOKS ON, Captain Buller (A. R. Whatmore) starts cleaning up his sporting gun in anticipation of things to come. A scene from *The King of Nowhere*, at the Old Vic, in which Buller, a cashiered army officer, acts as adjutant to the mad Vivaldi, who has escaped from a mental home and is proposing to start a new political party based on totalitarian principles, using for the purpose funds provided by a middle-aged spinster who has fallen for his theatrical airs and graces

MARRIED TO A MADMAN: Mrs. Vivaldi (played by Vivienne Bennett) in *The King of Nowhere*, makes a sadly sympathetic wife to the strutting Vivaldi, the would-be dictator who seeks to "deafen the world with his bellowings," but only succeeds in making a household and fellow asylum inmates bow to his extravagant whims

On right—THE CULT OF PHYSICAL FITNESS: A striking pose by Jack Skinner and Audrey Seed, two exponents of the Margaret Morris technique which was demonstrated last Wednesday at the Albert Hall in a programme entitled, "Rhythm in Dance and Exercise," and designed to further Britain's keep fit movement. The Queen promised to attend, and the Minister of Health was asked to preside

By PHILIP PAGE

Robert Sherwood Demonstrates the Difficulty of Making a Play Ring as True as the Message it Carries : A Thames-side Murder Provides the Theme of "Flood Tide"

superior as a man. When, the body having been recovered by the police, suspicion falls on the faithful friend, the villain (or hero) commits suicide.

All this is adorned with a careful study of an evangelical retired judge of the High Court, who is also a judge of painting, played by that excellent actor, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who had a good deal to do and did it well, and with that equally excellent actor, Mr. Michael Shepley, who had nothing whatever to do except smoke a pipe, and did that well. Mr. Basil Sydney made the nervy artist credible, and Miss Ann Todd made his wife both adoring and adorable. Miss Margaretta Scott had little upon which to expend her charm and sweet understanding, and merely hovered charmingly and understandingly as a sympathetic friend.

If *Flood Tide* carries any lesson with it it is that potential murderers who live beside the Thames should lay in a stock of sheet lead.

"Road to Gandahar." — The late Lord Roberts, who was a very good man, was not the only adventurous person to take the road to Gandahar (in his day, by the way, they spelled it with a "K"). At the Garrick Theatre we see Mr. Martin Walker blasting his way thither in the verbal as well as the engineering sense. With mighty oaths and tons of dynamite and bottle after bottle of whisky does this engineer, who was a very bad man, carve out another pathway of Empire and make the white man's burden a weighty pack for the shoulders of the native. His hobby, in addition to whisky and fun with an hypodermic syringe, was hypnotising pretty girls with pretty awful results. When in some vicious haunt in Port Said, where haunts can indeed be vicious, he found a superlatively lovely one in the person of Miss Lilli Palmer, he married her, which seemed hardly necessary except for purposes of the plot.

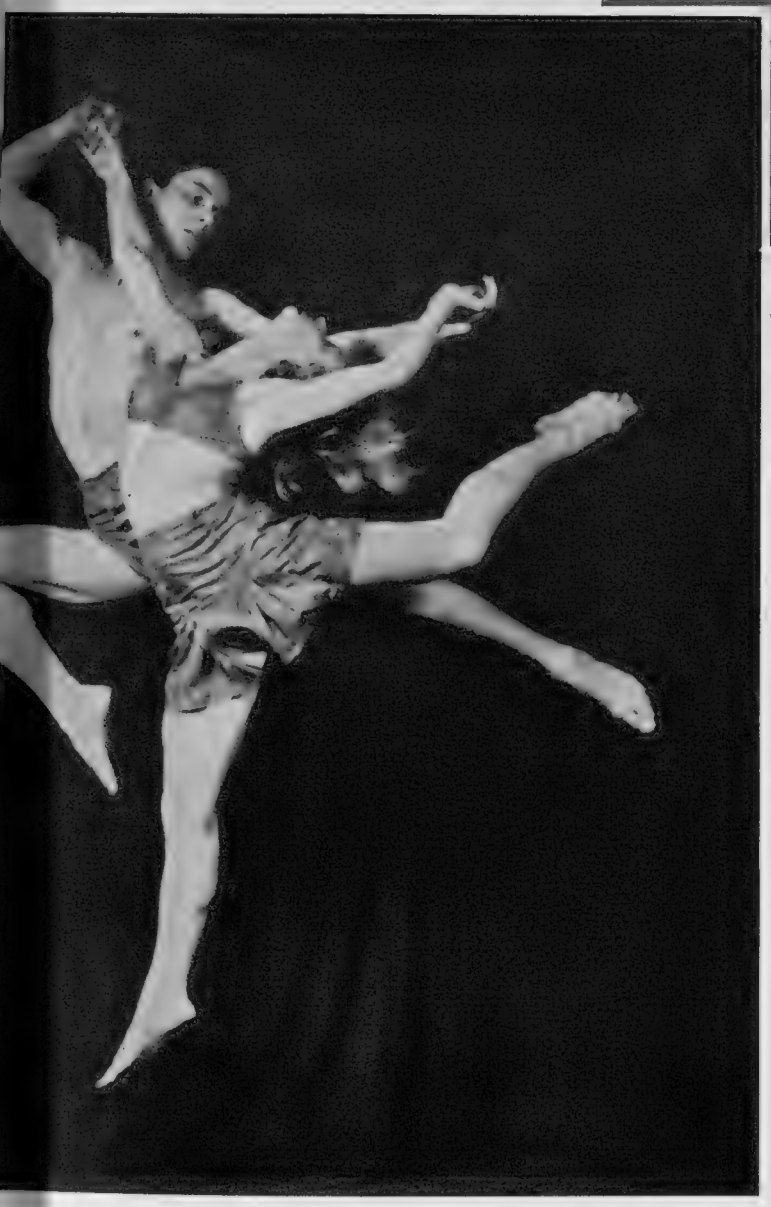
She followed him to the centre of his blasting operations—a remote spot in the desert—and as a reward for her devotion he drove her half mad with oaths, arm-twistings, and the more repellent aspects of hypnosis. This was more than her friend, the doctor, could stand, particularly as he loved her with a noble love and was a very good man. But even a very good man can persuade himself that the end justifies the means if he is sufficiently provoked; so in response to Mr. Walker's whimperings for heroin he heroically gave him instead a deadly drug which doubled him up for ever.

There the play should have ended. It would have been better without an epilogue in which we saw Miss Palmer falling into the doctor's arms in a Sussex drawing-room; even so, it is, I think, so good a play of its kind that it will survive the anti-climax. If so admirable a piece of melodrama as this does not succeed, the problem of the public taste will become more perplexing than ever, for I have known melodramas not one-sixth as exciting run a year. Of course it is crude. Road-blasters and Empire-builders generally are apt to be on the crude side. Yet, with one lapse, it is perfectly constructed, and the dialogue is tense, intelligent, and sometimes witty.

As to the acting, *place aux dames*. That is to say, to the one and only *dame*, Miss Palmer, who has more acting ability in one of her little fingers than a dozen other stage *dames* I could name have in their

THE WAGNERIAN MANNER: John Wright as Gisli, and Molly de Gunst as Ingibjorga in the revival in expanded form of Nicholas Gatty's opera, *Greysteel*, presented last week at Sadler's Wells. The libretto, by Reginald Gatty, is based on an Icelandic saga

WINGED FEET AT THE WINDMILL: Audrey Champion and Ivor Beddoes in *The Springtime Ballet*, a feature of the 102nd Revudeville show



experienced souls and bodies. This young Austrian girl has hardly any stage experience at all, but if I am not vastly mistaken she has genius. She had familiar material to handle as "the frail beauty more sinned against than sinning," but she made it altogether memorable. Her emotional power is as amazing as her fundamental grasp of somewhat primitive womanhood in distress. Her accent has none of the rasping monotony of most of her fellow countrywomen who have performed in London of late. It is as slight as her charm is manifold.

Mr. Martin Walker, good actor always, has a choice line in stage "drunks" and here he plays another one. Yet his is not merely an exhibition of sottishness which would soon become exasperating however well done, for he rarely leaves the stage. There is subtlety in his study of the bad, bad engineer and, horrible piece of work though that person is, he is always interesting. And Mr. Malcolm Keen was commendably successful in preventing the colourless nobility of the doctor from becoming a bore.

"The Puritan" (Film). —*The Puritan*, the film which is the Berkeley Cinema's latest attraction, is a queer fish indeed. I use the word attraction advisedly, since I find a film attractive in the precise proportion in which it differs from the expensive conventions of Hollywood. This cannot have cost much to produce and it is leagues away from conventions of any sort. It is officially described as "the French Prize Film" and if that prize was given for incongruity it was well and truly won. For the story is founded on a much discussed Irish novel about a fanatical young Christian whose piety took the odd form of stabbing a prostitute in the back. By way of expiation he got drunk in low haunts and danced with other prostitutes but was arrested before he had time to murder them as well.

The film version was produced in France, and is acted, in French of course, by a French cast, whose attempts at pronouncing the typically Irish names of the characters add an unintentional but rather necessary lighter touch to a grim revelation of the less familiar aspects of the unco' guid. With the night-life of Dublin I am unacquainted, but if it is anything like this picture of it I will undertake to swim across the Liffey next Christmas Day in a top hat. Or can it be that Eire really can show the *Vieux Port* at Marseilles a thing or two?

None the less, a good entertainment, with some cleverly hysterical acting from M. Jean-Louis Barrault and an alluring study of a waif of the underworld by Mlle Viviane Romance.

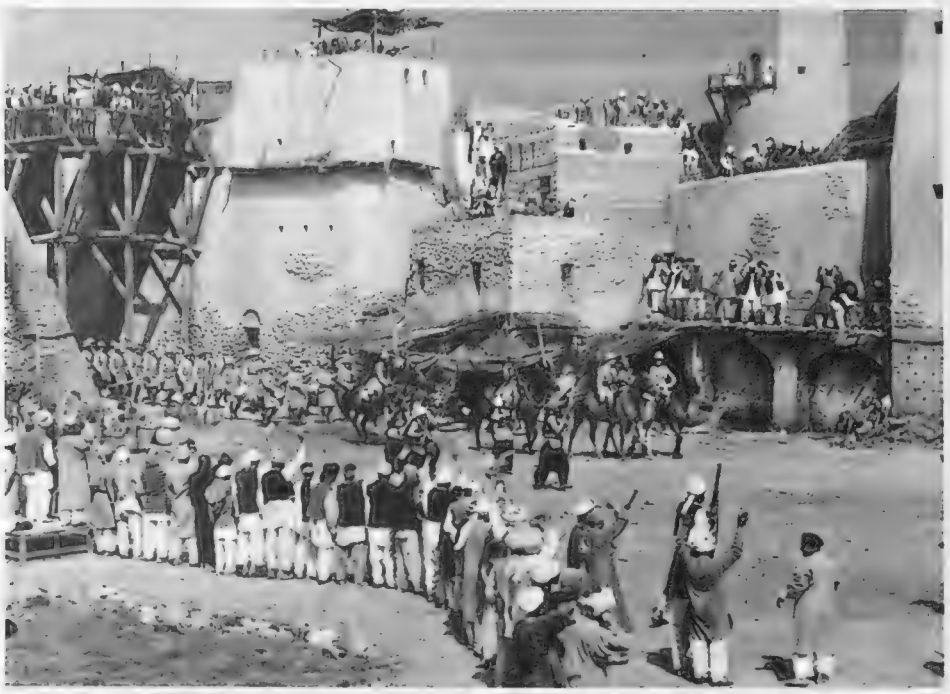
LILLI PALMER MAKES HER DEBUT ON THE WEST END STAGE: This charming Viennese actress, who has won such a name for herself in British films, gives a first-rate performance in Boris Trainin's play, *Road to Gandahar*, which was first presented at the Garrick last week

London Film Fare: *Pictures Now Showing and About to be Shown*

"MAD ABOUT MUSIC" is the title of fifteen-year-old Deanna Durbin's latest film (now at the Leicester Square Theatre) in which she is teamed with Herbert Marshall. Deanna plays the part of a fatherless schoolgirl in a Swiss boarding school who, to be like the others, pretends she has a father. Eventually circumstances make it necessary for her to produce him; hence the scene (*depicted on the left*), where she picks on the most likely-looking man she sees arriving at the station. The make-believe father (Herbert Marshall) falls in with her proposition. *Above*—Deanna is locked up by the guard on the Paris-bound train because she has no ticket

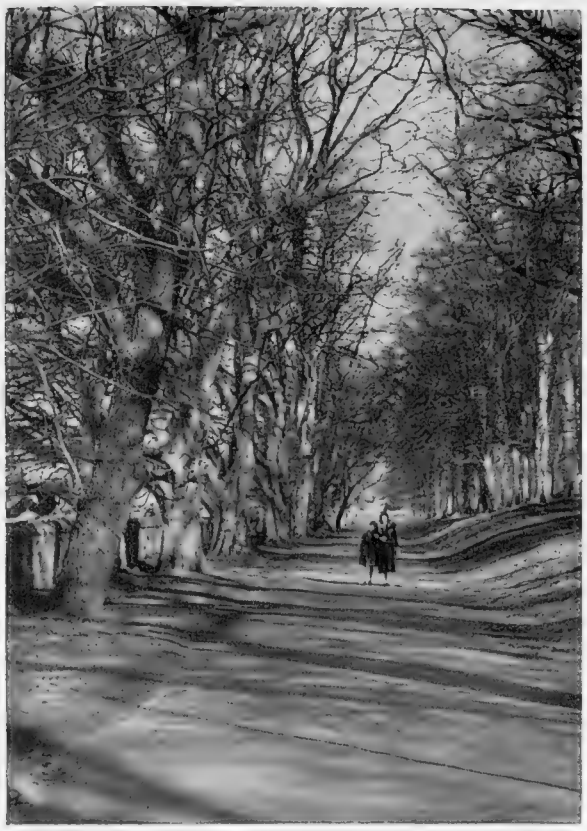
THE MAD EMPEROR: Harry Baur as Rudolph II in *The Golem*, the Continental film which is to be presented for a season at the People's Palace, Mile End Road. When it was first shown in this country the dialogue was in French but by the process of "dubbing," English words have been skilfully substituted and made to harmonise perfectly with the lip movements of the players

A MOMENT IN THE NEW CURZON FILM: Isa Miranda, as she appears in the title role of *Nina Petrovna* with Fernand Gravey, a picture which has, as its familiar theme, the regeneration of a beautiful courtesan. It is saved by good acting



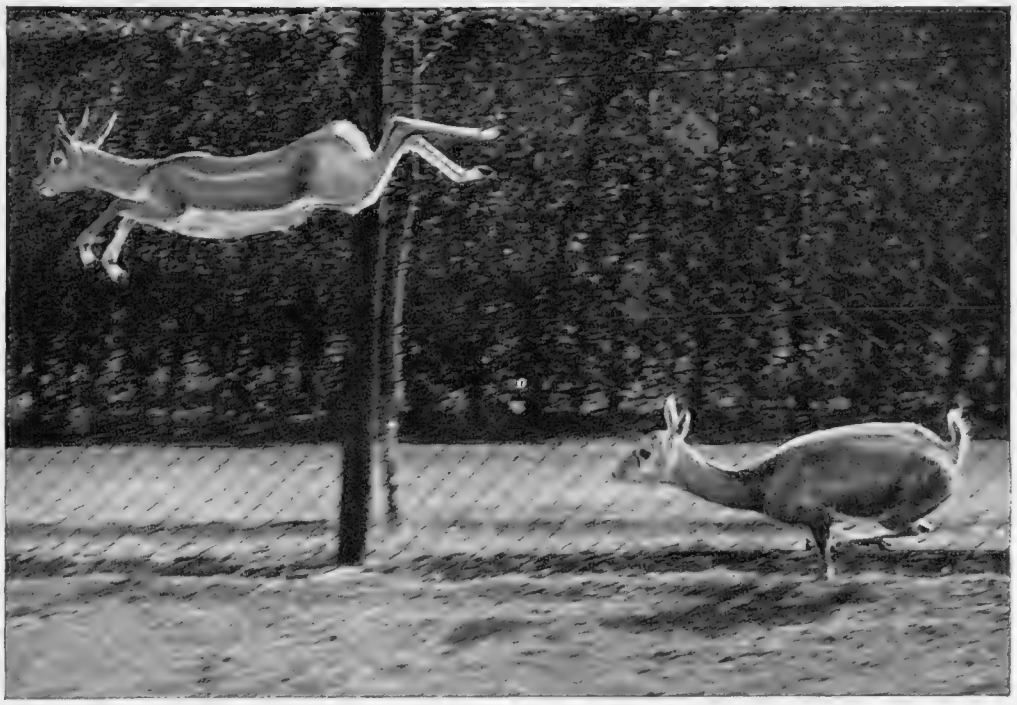
THE BRITISH RESIDENT ARRIVES IN TOKOT: A scene from *The Drum*, the Alexander Korda film which gives an interesting insight into life or the North West Frontier. It is done in Technicolor, and a strong cast includes Roger Livesey, Raymond Massey, and Sabu, the young Indian who scored such a success in *Elephant Boy*. Some of the backgrounds were shot in India and some of the scenes in North Wales where the scenery is in places reminiscent of Chitral

HERO OF THE HOUR: The American undergraduate (played by Robert Taylor) responds to a toast in college after at last winning the regard of his fellow undergraduates by his prowess at sport. An episode from *The Yank at Oxford*, the first British-made film by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which had a midnight première this week



THE SPLENDOUR OF THE BEECH WOODS: The sun glints through the arches of the trees on to the road between. A delightful picture from the Aln valley, near Whittingham

SPRING IN THE AIR: HIGH SPIRITS AT THE ZOO



A SPECTACULAR LEAP by one of the Indian antelope at Edinburgh Zoo which, with spring in the air, decided to suit the action to the words in its own inimitable way. The tremendous power which these slender creatures possess in their quarters and their hind legs is a perpetual astonishment

Songsters of the YEAR'S AWAKENING

By MURIEL W. HAYWOOD

'When—dull winter's influence cast away—
The world comes out in green array.'

UPON the horizon line the clouds lie heaped in snowy masses. The sky is the blue of March, true to its tradition, a reckless blue that appears so astonishingly after the faint colours of the winter days, now past and gone. The air is keen, and it would also seem to have some kinship with the snow. The countryside looks fresh and bright and all ready for the onrush of the beauty of the spring. Downy and soft plump buds are now showing upon the willows that grow beside the pasture lands; whilst the thornbush that stands beside them is still only flecked with the deep carmine of her tight closed buds, and cannot hope to vie with them as yet.

And on this early morning of the new season a clear voice is to be heard ringing sweetly far out across the countryside. "Be quick—be quick," sings the thrush as though impatient to hasten onwards the lagging leaves and blossoms. Is he himself not ready? aye, and waiting! It was long ere this that he commenced the series of his concerts; trim and alert in his vernal attire. He cares not at all for the weather, intemperate days matter little or nothing to him.

Nevertheless he knows how to rejoice in a brave day such as this, one of March's best. And so, light of heart, he pipes and trills and enjoys himself to the full in the giving forth of his roundelay, a very noticeable figure in the brilliant sunshine aloft upon his tree-top. He always likes to be betimes in his affairs and so does his wife. She too has been fully occupied. For close at hand, in the shadows of the thicket, her home is safely hidden; and, within its compact enclosure, lie snug and warm her four young nestlings; so that the speckled pair of birds may safely feel that none of their duties have been neglected, and that their business of the year is now well in hand.

Near to the same hedgerow, but at some considerable distance from the thrush, the blackbird is walking; handsome in his glossy plumage, with his crocus-yellow bill he is prospecting a moist tuft of grass for what he may chance to discover therein. He is most carefully ignoring the voice of the thrush, although every note of it reaches his ear. He does not mind the other bird holding the field at the moment, he is placidly biding his time. He knows full well that the song of no other of the birdland people can hope to rival his. For the music of the blackbird stands alone, unrivalled in its beauty.

As yet the great singer is sparing of his songs, but before long, when he is satisfied that the time is ripe, he will give voice

Eric J. Hosking

THE BREADWINNER: A thrush and its young with their gaping beaks craning upwards for more morsels

(*Continued on page 36*)

HE TOO FEELS SPRING IN THE AIR: A big horned sheep at London Zoo prances a welcome to the awakening year, balancing himself with some dexterity upon his hind legs

A Page for Women

- **Lelong's** basqued evening dress in thin, black wool trimmed across the front with wing-like, white flowers. The intricate strapping at the neck is a detail which appears again and again, and the long line of the basque stresses the extreme slenderness of the waist.

- **Patou's** exquisitely draped, white romaine frock with fine gauging set between three bands at the waist and hips, so that it seems to hold in place the waterfall drapery of the skirt, which is quite plain at the back. This one-sided drapery is important, and so is the cross-over bodice.

- **Chanel's** romantically perfect picture dress in white point de Venise lace, with the off-the-shoulder line which she so loves. She uses net, organdie, and tulle for these frocks, embroidering them with sequins or with tiny ruffled ribbons, and boning the waist and bodice to create an hour-glass silhouette.

- **Maggy Rouff's** easy-fitting matt crepe evening model with a draped neckline above a flattened diaphragm, one end being slipped through the belt and left to fall loosely to the hem, giving front fulness to the skirt. This fulness is balanced by the long ends of the sash at the back.

- **Maggy Rouff's** distinguished dinner dress with a monkishly simple bodice and a skirt piquantly latticed with tiny squares made of mirror glass. She does several of these habit-like frocks, fitting them to the waist without belts, and giving them very full skirts which hang in heavy folds.

HIGHLIGHTS *from the* SPRING COLLECTIONS IN PARIS

- **Creed's** precisely tailored suit with a black skirt that has a folded pleat at the centre back, and a butter yellow coat boldly trimmed with black braid. The blouse is of black satin gathered across the front and set into a conventional stock. Creed constantly stresses the hips by means of seams and tucks, leaving the back of his skirts plain.

- **Heim's** charmingly youthful black dress trimmed with appliqued leaves and a white motif in the centre of the bodice. Both the sleeves and the waistline are lightly draped and the skirt is slightly flared. Heim uses lots of white lace on tailored suits, and with consummate skill puts spots and stripes together with excellent effect.

- **Lelong's** popular black coat, full length and slender, with a pale blue front gathered above the waist and held in place by three braided frogs. It has a neat turn-over collar, and is worn with a black satin dress that has a closely corseted line.

- **Patou's** jacket of cravat silk, striped in black, red, yellow, blue, and white, and worn with a plain black shirt. Here you see the very waisted silhouette with a new knuckle-length coat curved at the front and tied with a large bow. It is worn with a befrilled shirt of white linen.

- **Marcel Rochas'** black coat with a cross-over collar which forms a swathed sash, and a gently flared skirt. Fixed in front of each shoulder, and standing well above them, are enormous bouquets of field flowers and wheat. The complementary dress is black, very simply cut, with a diagonal design of field flowers running across the front. There is a general feeling for flowers tucked into each lapel, and for dresses with contrasting backs and fronts.

SHE IS GROWING UP: Seven-year-old Princess Margaret Rose arriving at St. James's Square for the children's party given the other day by Lady Astor. *On right*—Some of the keep-fit girls of the Women's League of Health and Beauty pictured during a rest interval at the Albert Hall, where they were rehearsing "Rhythm in Dance and Exercise" prior to a display in the presence of the Queen

A TALENTED PARTNERSHIP: A new study of Guelda Waller and Vera Maconochie whose "Songs Through the Centuries" have become so deservedly popular. Their extensive repertoire includes folk songs of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and romantic German airs of the nineteenth century

Mainly the FEMININE ANGLE

CLOSE-UP: Princess Margaret Rose was not tall enough to see all the models to full advantage during her visit with Queen Mary last week to the Science Museum, South Kensington, so the Lady-in-Waiting came to the rescue, holding her up near the glass cases

DISSEMINATING THE TRUTH AS WE SEE IT: Mr. R. C. Norman (Chairman of the B.B.C.), Madame Defly, and M. Leon Defly (Haiti's Minister to London) seen at Broadcasting House during the inauguration of the first B.B.C. short-wave news bulletin broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese to the peoples of Central and South America. This is part of the Government's plan to counteract the flood of propaganda, some of it directed against Britain, put out by other Powers

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S NEW CHAIRMAN: Mr. Ewart Gladstone Culpin, the Labour Member for North Battersea, who succeeds Lord Snell as the leader of the administration. He is an architect by profession

THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF NORTHERN IRELAND: The Right Hon. J. Andrews, P.C. who has succeeded Sir William Moore in this office

SIR DONALD BANKS who, following the publication of the Cadman report on Civil Aviation, has been made Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Air

REPRESENTING AFRICA'S NEGRO STATE: Baron de Lynden who was recently appointed Liberian Minister in London. It is but seldom that the Republic comes into the news, and it appears that its administration is on a sounder basis than heretofore now that foreign experts are wielding influence in many branches of public affairs

IN DOUBLE HARNESS: Austrian-born Sybil Bolitho and her husband Cen Fearnley are joint authors of a new novel, *I Ask No Pardon*, just issued by Messrs. Collins

= PERSONAL COLUMN =

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"UNCLE ARTHUR": THE PEACEMAKER

A Biography of Arthur Henderson, Britain's Labour Foreign Secretary

By VERNON FANE

THE rise of the Labour movement in this country is a subject which has certainly as yet not been overdone by contemporary writers, though some of the more spectacular figures in the progress of the party to power have been variously dealt with in biography and autobiography.

The biography of **ARTHUR HENDERSON** (Heinemann. 15s.) just issued may not perhaps be described as exciting personalia, but there can be little doubt that it contains much solid worth, both in the record of the man and in the history of the rise to power of the movement to which his whole life was devoted. To political friend and foe alike he was known affectionately as Uncle Arthur. On the platform, in the House of Commons, at party congresses, and latterly in international affairs, he was always the same—a steadfast, industrious, unremitting worker, a man of exceptional organising ability, and a man without reproach, both in public and in private life.

Given his opportunities, there are few politicians who would have desired to cut so unsensational a dash as Arthur Henderson, but at the same time there are few men who, with his touch of unassuming genius, could have consolidated some of the most unexpected of his party's gains, and brought that organisation to the undoubted power it has in the political life of this country to-day. He has been called a typical trade union man, though perhaps that is because the trades unions themselves had developed under his strong hand characteristics which he himself had impressed upon them.

More than once he had an opportunity to take the leadership when the Labour party was restive under the ebulliences of Ramsay MacDonald, and more than once he refused it. But it was inevitable that he should have to take the leadership, and the day came when the party broke away from Ramsay MacDonald on the formation of the National Government.

Even then, as leader of the Opposition, Uncle Arthur never abused nor attacked personally the man with whom he had worked for so many years, nor did he lend himself to the open attacks made in that direction by his own rank and file. "Once, almost as though he were talking to himself, he was heard to mutter, in a vague, musing tone, as he turned over the papers on his table: 'I was ready to play second fiddle all my life, but he would not have it.'"

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, who has tackled a none-too-easy subject, in a book which deserves the highest praise, pays the best of tributes to Arthur Henderson through this steady review of his life and achievements. Trained to handle industrial disputes, he was able to push some of his ideals into a wider field when he took the Foreign Office. Here was a man who was a born conciliator, and whose nature moved towards peace and a better understanding among nations.

For these ideals he worked relentlessly—not always helped by a Prime Minister who liked the international limelight, nor by a colleague like Philip Snowden, who was temperamentally implacable to his foes, whether at home or abroad. It was natural that he should find a true orientation in Geneva, in the atmosphere of the League, and in the ill-fated Disarmament Conferences held there. To the voices of such men small heed seems to be paid in the world to-day, which is perhaps a sad postscript to a notice of a biography of a man who deserved well, not only of his party, but of his country.

There is a distant charm in reading about the Russia of the beginning of the century that can only be compared with the enchantment of a fairy story. There is no sort of life that seems so thoroughly dead as that existence of the provincial nobility and the St. Petersburg Grand Dukes before the war. Like pages from a Tolstoy novel they move us to wonder and pity, pity for the end of their world which came so suddenly and so finally.

Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden, whose **BEFORE THE STORM** (Macmillan. 15s.) I have just been reading, was lady-in-waiting to the Tsarina, and some years ago wrote a loyally affectionate biography about her, and about the end of the Imperial family, with whom she was almost to the day of their deaths. In her present book she has evoked an earlier, more tranquil Russia, of long summer months spent in remote country houses with an occasional picnic as the only entertainment, of a St. Petersburg nursery where an English nannie reigned supreme, and of debutantes' dances at which the greatest social disgrace was to have mismanaged the serving of a jelly in the Tsar's presence.

Kazan, in which the Baroness spent her childhood summers, was four days' travel by train and boat from St. Petersburg, and the centre of the old kingdom of Tartary. Life in her grandfather's big house was simple, even dull, but regulated by the most exact rules of conduct. The kitchens were in a separate building and tribes of servants waited on the master of the house and his guests. It was not even unusual in those days for the servants to have guests themselves.

"On one occasion Grandfather rose in wrath. One morning he saw a cart full of luggage driving into the courtyard. On his enquiring who his guest was, he was told that it was the cook's mother and sister from Samara, who had come to spend the summer with him. Grandfather flew out; he raged and fumed, he sent for the cook and "rowed" him, and finally the family stayed on happily for the summer as they intended . . ." The scarcity of good cooks apparently, is not a new problem.

As her reminiscences draw nearer to the fateful years of the war, the tone of the Baroness's writing naturally grows more sombre, and it is with real emotion that she writes about the Tsar's character as she knew it. "All except the fanatically prejudiced know by now that Nicholas II was neither a tyrant nor the ruthless autocrat of legend. . . . . It was his misfortune that his reign followed the period of repression of that of Alexander III. Smouldering discontent increased steadily, and Nicholas II was left to cope with it."

Baroness Buxhoeveden has many stories to tell about the Imperial family, some touching, some faintly comic and at least one surprising. "I should like to say here," she writes, "that I never in all those four years saw Rasputin in the palace. He was not the constant and familiar visitor that is generally believed. He came very rarely, when the Tsarevitch or the Empress was ill; and to those who were not in sympathy with him the Empress never breathed his name."

The interest of this book lies almost entirely in its atmosphere, and its appeal in the nostalgia which pervades it.

"Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long."

Mr. Ranald MacDonell has chosen Dryden's lines as a particularly modest introduction to his book of reminiscences. Over-modest indeed, since his life as he tells it, gives evidence of a truly remarkable adaptability which I am certain the poet could not have claimed for his subject.

Up to now Mr. MacDonell has been bank clerk, tea-planter, very junior member of a Moscow firm, vice-consul in Baku, secret service agent, counter-revolutionary (at least in the eyes of the Bolsheviks), Foreign Office official, and Fleet Street reporter. There was also a period of five days when he appeared, somewhat ingloriously, on the stage of the St. James's.

It was while he was at Baku that Mr. MacDonell's experiences reached the exciting pitch of an adventure story and by no means a conventional adventure story. At the time of which he writes, some years before the war, that town on the shores of the Caspian Sea had yet to attain any real degree of civilisation. Its *raison d'être* were the great oilfields which lay a few miles outside, and with which the author was connected.

In Baku itself the chief topic of interest was the enmity between the Tartar and the Armenian factions, and the likelihood of massacre. These massacres were only too often terrible reality, and it was after one particularly savage one that Mr. MacDonell's attitude to the Armenian, not always a race regarded with indulgence, began to change. "I felt I wanted to join the Dashnaks (a secret society) and be revenged. I think that is perhaps why I became so friendly with the Armenians and, during the war, differed so acutely with some of my superior officers who preferred the gentlemanly Turk, although he was our accredited enemy."

As vice-consul the author of **AND NOTHING LONG** (Constable. 8s. 6d.) had some thrilling and, for a vice-consul, unorthodox experiences, chief of which was the commandeering of a train to rescue the members of a little British colony in the distant town of Grosney. During this trip, which took about a week, they were held up, fired at, searched, pursued, and forced to drive the train through burning stations. However they reached Baku safely, with the White Russian General Polovtsov aboard and a fresh precept, "that when people are very civil you are in the danger zone," for Mr. MacDonell to treasure.

General Dunsterville, the "Stalky" of Kipling's immortal tale, was operating at this time with a force of officers in Persia, and the author pays them tribute for their courage and for their inspired leadership. The Foreign Office after the war, particularly with the shadow of the Geddes axe hanging over it, must have seemed a tame place to a man who had been twice tried and once condemned to death by the Bolsheviks, and who had had to deal severally with blazing oilfields and "politicians with bees in their bonnets about spheres of influence."

This England . . .

Blackheath—London

UPON this mound above the city Wat Tyler raised his standard in 1381, a hundred thousand Kentish-men at his back, and all East Anglia a-flame. Notables fled or barricaded their houses, the beards of the Tower guard were pulled (they have none now), and chaos faced the new young King. How mellowed is our England since that time; we look upon the ancient violence as a man mature upon his childhood ills. For out of our troubled youth is come an England sane and wise, slow to wrath. Action and habit show it in the simplest ways—what more typically English than your Worthington (likewise descended from that turbulent past)—slow-made and wholesome, mellow and mature.

. . . by Worthington

SONGSTERS OF THE YEAR'S AWAKENING

(*Continued from page* 31)

to his lovely melodies in generous measure. And so the blackbird cocks a patronising eye at the distant thrush, and he proceeds to swallow a juicy worm. Later on in the day he mounts to a lofty perch upon the tall elm tree, and thence he sings a brief but beautiful song; as though to show his would-be rival that he cannot expect to have things all his own way.

There is yet another songster now in play about the self-same hedgerow in the person of the chaffinch. He is clad in his most fashionable attire; in his slate-blue cap, his russet waistcoat, and his suit of varied colours all complete. He pauses in his play at frequent intervals to fire off, in immense excitement, a sudden phrase of his jovial song, bright and gay, and admirably suited to this seasonable morning.

Eric J. Hosking

INSATIABLE: The crocus-billed and black-plumed blackbird attends to its seemingly never satisfied young

He is also one of the earlier musicians of the year; and he is even to be heard at times before the month of January has run its course whilst winter still holds the world in bondage. But this will happen only on occasion. By now his song is fast increasing, and day by day it is growing in its strength and its continuity. And its phrasing forms a pleasing part of the thousand and one reminders that the vernal season, so long awaited and so long desired, is truly here at last.

And there are quite a number of others of his fellows about the place, busily engaged in feeding on the rough ground of the meadow; or else moving hither and thither about the hedgerow. Some of these also take a turn in singing, and by so doing they add very considerably to the growing chorus of the many bird voices that may now be heard in the countryside, heralds of the year's awakening—the messengers of spring.

However, there is yet another small personage to be considered, one who outstrips all those other birdfolk in his untiring diligence. And that is the robin.

Both early and late in the season does he sing, and he appears unwearying in the excess of his zeal. And thus he is perched, this morning of March, upon a hawthorn twig; happily pouring forth, in his usual inimitable fashion, a stream of notes that tinkle sweetly clear as a crystal bell.

By some his music is thought to be somewhat on the pathetic side in its tone. This would seem to be far from being an accurate description of its character; for surely it is full of cheerful melody, and the busy vocalist is, in fact, a cheerful creature in himself.

He has also a merry taste in his dress, as is evinced by the gaily coloured waistcoat which is showing—a small but brilliant patch of crimson—as he flits hither and thither on his various errands amongst the thorny twigs of the tangled hedgerow.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

(*Continued from page* 16)

eventually ceded these rights to the Guardian Father of the Holy Sepulchre. The duties of the Knights had become numerous, among these to hear Mass daily; combat, live, and die for the Christian religion; procure substitutes to serve at any time for waging war against the infidels if for any valid reason they themselves were unable to serve; grant constant protection to the servants of the Church; prevent all kinds of quarrels, disputes, and usury; bring about peace among Christians; protect widows and orphans; abstain from cursing and swearing; and to guard against drunkenness, immorality, and other sins.

If the duties were onerous there were some remarkable and compensating privileges. Members of the Order were allowed to legitimise children born out of wedlock; change their names; grant escutcheons; possess church property though married; had exemption from taxes on wine, salt, beer, etc.; and, strange privilege this, were empowered to cut down and bury the bodies of those who were executed by hanging!

The Order, which was often conferred in the early days upon persons of distinction who had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, spread throughout Europe and was anciently divided into eight languages; each having for its head a conventual bailiff, who held *ex officio* an important post in the government of the fraternity. There were bailiffs of Suvergne, Aragon, Castille, Provence, Italy, France, England, and Germany.

In early times onward the right to nominate to the Order was successively shared by the then reigning Pope and the Padres Minores in Jerusalem; later by the Franciscans, and then by the Latin Patriarch in Jerusalem. In August, 1814, the Order was reconstructed by Louis XVIII of France as a Royal institution.

In 1847, when the Latin Patriarch was once more established in Jerusalem, the Roman propaganda again transferred the right of conferring the Order of the Holy Sepulchre to the Patriarch. In 1905 the latter was nominated Grand Master, but the Pope reserves the joint right of nomination.

The cloak of the Order is white, and the badge, worn on the cloak, is a Jerusalem cross in red enamel, with smaller red Latin crosses in the angles of the larger. The star, a silver badge, with a centre similar to the badge of red crosses, is given only to knights who have visited Jerusalem.

The ceremony of initiation is a religious one, which in the case of the Grand Cross, Commander and the officers of the Order is an elaborate and impressive one, as may be gathered from our pictures, depicting the scene in the eleventh-century church of S. Sepolcro, in the street of the same name in Milan at the back of the world-famous Ambrosiana library.

There appear to be no reliable records of the military (if any) exploits of the Knights of this Order, and, indeed, these were not to be expected as the Order is a secular and not military one, though it seems possible that individual Knights may often have also belonged to one of the more militant Orders of the Middle Ages.

C. H.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"I remain, your obedient servant"

but

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H.P.

FULLY RECOVERED: Mrs. Kay Petre, who was seriously injured in a crash at Brooklands last September, drove a car last week on the same track for the first time since she left hospital. She is seen ready for practice

A WEEK-END WITH A BENTLEY

The Joy of Testing One of the Latest 4¼-Litre Models

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

TO me, driving a Bentley is always a joy, even those which were made and sold prior to the Derby regime, but when an example of the latest 4¼-litre model was left in front of my hall door for me to drive I realised, without any mental effort at all, that I was going to have a thoroughly enjoyable week-end. There is something about modern Bentleys that is indefinable.

I have friends who own and have driven other fast and powerful cars who, until they became the possessor of a Bentley, imagined that the latter was somewhat overrated. They have found since they have driven one of these cars that there is definitely something far more refined than in most big sports cars. It is not so much what the Bentley does but how the Bentley does it.

The man in the street is apt to hold up his hands in horror at the thought of any car travelling at 80 m.p.h. on our highways. Some passengers might also be excused if they show some anxiety when their driver informs them that in a moment or two they will be travelling at 90 m.p.h. On many cars such speeds are definitely alarming, not only to the occupants of the cars but also to other road users. A Bentley, however, is as safe at these high speeds as the average motor car is at 30 m.p.h. Some of my readers may consider such a statement as an exaggeration, but if the doubting Thomases will avail themselves at the first opportunity of driving a Bentley they will realise that it is correct.

It seems to matter little what speed one travels, the car will go just where it is put. There is, however, one danger. Until the driver realises the speeds at which he is travelling he is apt to underestimate them. For the first few miles it is advisable to watch the speedometer needle because the car glides along almost in complete silence at all speeds and, as in most cars speed is judged by the amount of noise and clatter emanating from the engine and chassis, one's judgment is apt to be somewhat upset when there is a complete absence of fuss.

Up to the moment I may have given the impression that the Bentley is a speed car moving in extreme silence, but unlike most other sports cars it appears to be just as happy meandering along at 30 or 40 m.p.h. Its top gear performance is quite outstanding, and like the Rolls-Royce it develops a very large proportion of its maximum horse-power at low revolutions. There is no fading out when the revs. drop with the result that an enforced gear-change is a rarity.

Compared with some other sports cars the diameter of the brake-drums on the Bentley look somewhat small, but if anyone ever wanted proof of the fact that good braking does not necessarily depend on colossal brake-drums, the Bentley provides it. Not only will the brakes pull the car up in the shortest possible distance but the driver can control the degree of braking almost to laboratory limits, thanks to the highly ingenious mechanical servo incorporated in the design.

After good brakes we come to good suspension. I do not know whether there are many motorists who like to travel fast in their cars which roll on corners and float on springs like a feather in the breeze. I for one do not like it. The Bentley possesses a hand-controlled shock absorber system. All the driver has to do is to move a small lever in the centre of the steering wheel an inch or two and he can damp his springs right down or allow them to have their full flexibility. The Bentley steering can be summed up in a few words, it is just what steering ought to be.

The Bentley, of course, like the Rolls-Royce is sold as a chassis and the purchaser can meet his own requirements by going to any coachbuilder and having a specially designed body, but there are standardised saloons available and it was in one of these that I carried out my test. It was a Park Ward all-steel body very nicely appointed and extremely comfortable. Needless to say I was mostly interested in the driving position and this I found ideal. Every control seemed to be just in the correct natural position and the driver has an excellent view ahead and can easily see both front wings.

Coachwork on a fast moving chassis has a teasing time but, although the car which I drove had apparently covered over 10,000 miles there was not a rattle, a shake, or a squeak to be heard. To sum up I can say that a Bentley is smooth, silent, and above all safe. Having had a considerable experience of cars emanating from the Derby factory I can also say that it is almost everlasting.

(*Continued on page 40*)

A STUDY IN SILVER AND GREY: The gleaming stems of the silver birche make an harmonious setting for the flowing lines of this new Rover Sixteen sports saloon

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PATENT CASTROL—NOW MORE THAN EVER—THE MOST IMPORTANT *Component* OF YOUR ENGINE

(*Continued from page* 38)

Some time ago new lighting regulations came into force. One of these made it compulsory for the owner to carry headlights on his car which could be effectively dimmed or dipped. True, they did not make it a specific offence not to use the non-dazzling device when meeting oncoming cars. My experience of night-driving is that the position regarding dazzle is just as bad as it ever was, and it seems to me that the large numbers of mobile and slow-moving police might very well turn their attention to detecting instances of dangerous driving through not using the dipping or dimming switch which must be carried by law.

Time after time, I meet the driver who switches out one of his headlamps and leaves the other, more often than not the off-side one, full on with the result that the dazzling effect is almost as dangerous as when both were alight. We are supposed to have on the roads to-day a new trained body of mobile police who should be able to detect these dangers and admonish the drivers concerned. At the same time, there is a growing tendency for drivers to expect others to dip their headlamps when almost a mile away.

It looks to me that there are a large number of people in control of cars who take fright the moment they see a car approaching them with two headlamps burning. They imagine they are dazzled when they are not. The position is really very unsatisfactory when travelling up a highway like the Great North Road as it is almost impossible to switch on one's headlights full for any part of the journey unless one is prepared to take no notice of opposing cars and lorries switching their lights off and on, presumably in an endeavour to show their disapproval of the headlamps approaching.

LOW-PRICED LUXURY: The Lanchester Roadrider de Luxe in a Lincolnshire lane. This car has a 14 h.p. engine and is equipped with the Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear. The price is £365

Attempts, and very successful attempts at that, have been made to modernise the layout and shape of the instruments on the facia board. Dials are now grouped together instead of being scattered and judging by appearance a great improvement has been made. Unfortunately to get the more artistic effects clarity has been somewhat sacrificed. The face of the speedometer is usually clearer than before, but it is far more difficult to read instruments which indicate the amperage of the charge from the dynamo, the temperature of the cooling water, and the pressure of the oil in the lubrication system.

Nothing very terrible is likely to happen unawares if the driver does not keep his eye on the ammeter or the thermometer, but if something goes wrong with the oil pressure and it is not spotted by the driver very serious damage can be quickly done. True, oil pressure does not usually vary very much and this is an added reason why any derangement should be immediately noticed. I cannot help but think the usual gauge is quite wrong. To start with the pressure is arranged by the manufacturers and the average owner does not attempt to tinker with the system. Figures on the gauges are usually quite inaccurate and even if they were correct they would convey little or nothing to the average driver.

All he wants to know is whether the pressure of the oil is sufficient or not and if there is a sudden drop the gauge should notify him immediately. Instead, therefore, of a needle pointing to a figure we ought to have a light which would come into action the moment the oil pressure dropped to danger point. A few cars are fitted in this way but the great majority of British made vehicles still cling to the gauge with the hand working over a dial.

On my own car a green light appears when the petrol in the tank drops to three gallons. True, I have a gauge also which tells me the amount of spirit carried but this green light suddenly appearing immediately draws my attention to the fact that a visit to a road-side pump is advisable. A different coloured light working in conjunction with the oil system could, therefore, be produced, and what can be done on one car can obviously be carried out on another. Designers may, perhaps, state that the lubrication system seldom if ever goes wrong, which is probably quite true, but as manufacturers consider it advisable to fit a gauge there is evidently some possibility of derangement occurring, and as this possibility exists an easily seen indicator should be provided.

Thrilling racing is again to be seen at the Crystal Palace this season, the opening meeting over the famous two-mile road circuit taking place to-day, April 2. "The International Coronation Trophy Race for Cars" is the official title of the inaugural event, and is being decided in two heats and a final, each heat being run over a distance of 20 miles, and the final over 32 miles. Ten competitors from each heat may qualify to compete in the final. A first-rate entry of twenty cars has been received, and among the many well-known drivers who are taking part are representatives of Australia, France, Switzerland, and Siam.

The names of "Bira" and Dobson recall the exciting finish to the last 1937 race at Crystal Palace, when these two fought a grim duel in the final lap of the Imperial Trophy; to-day they are competing in different heats, but are practically certain to meet in the final. Among the newcomers to the circuit is Hans Ruesch who, as motor racing champion of Switzerland and now among the first flight of Continental drivers, is expected to give a good account of himself. He will have to concede one second per lap to drivers who are thoroughly familiar with the very tricky Crystal Palace circuit. Racing begins at 3.30 p.m.

To mark the opening of their new motor showrooms in Mill Street, Maidstone, Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., are arranging a special spring motor display for the week commencing Monday, April 4. Comprising of private cars ranging in size from 7-h.p. to 30-h.p. special sectioned working models, caravans, marine engines, commercial vehicles, ambulances, car radio, demonstration models of all types, and the latest motoring films, it will undoubtedly be the most comprehensive and interesting motor show ever held in this part of the country.

In addition to this wide range of exhibits there will also be factory service representatives from several famous motor manufacturers in daily attendance to advise car owners on all matters affecting the servicing and maintenance of their cars, as well as expert sales advisers with whom motorists and potential motorists will be able to discuss their problems.

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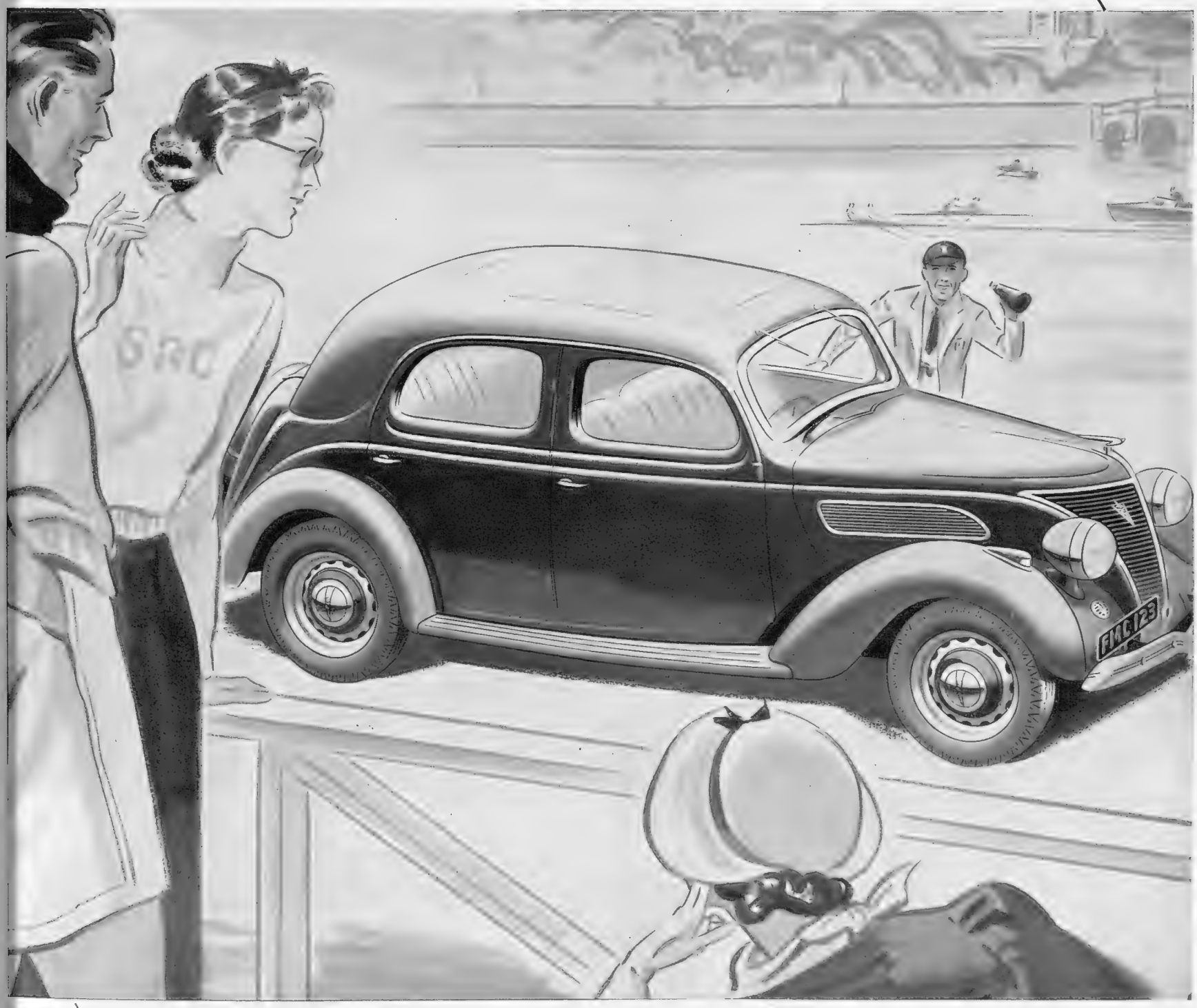

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POLAND'S VITAL POPULATION QUESTION *(Continued from page 22)*

These 20,000,000 Polish peasants are insignificant purchasers of products of commerce and industry. If their level of social existence were equal to that of the French peasant, for instance, Polish industry would be able to produce twice as much and be entirely absorbed by its own market instead of seeking foreign markets where it is faced by Customs barriers.

It is astonishing to see the way in which all branches of Polish industry have diminished. In 1928 there were 842,000 workers in the mines, steel and iron works, and general factories ; by 1936 there were only 642,000. The registered unemployed had increased from 126,000 in December, 1928, to 466,000 in December, 1936. This industrial crisis is no doubt part of the world crisis, but is increased owing to the overpopulation.

The peasants, finding themselves without work on the land, flocked into the towns to seek employment. But they found all the possible jobs occupied by Jews, laborious, energetic, and contented with small payment. There are over 3,000,000 Jews in Poland, representing over 9 per cent. of the population. This extremely high percentage would be more tolerable if it were not concentrated in the towns. Hatred for the Jews has been increasing, and is largely used as propaganda, being popular with the townsman and peasant.

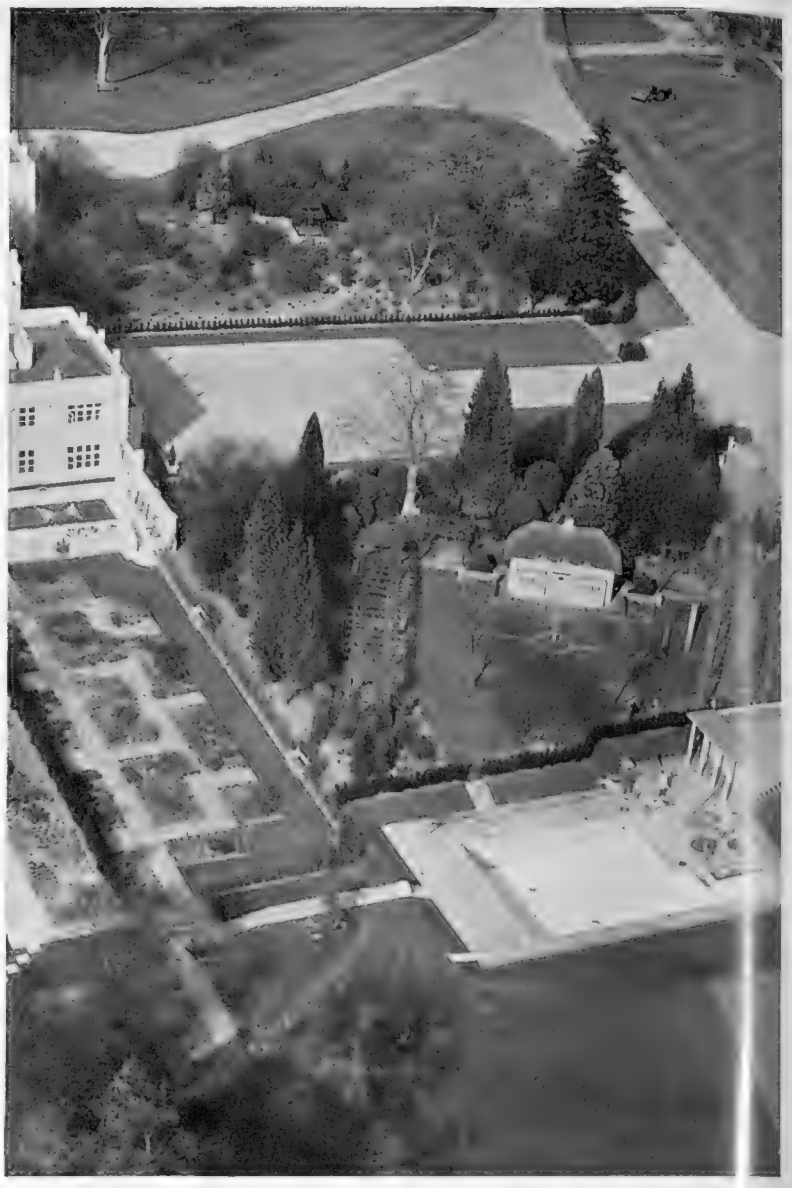
Poland is suffering from the lack of emigration. At one time the Poles formed the largest contingents of emigrants but since the war this has been decreasing, till now the greater part of the world is closed to emigrants. On the other hand Poles, living in foreign countries, returned to Poland in great numbers between 1919 and 1923, causing an immigration altogether of 984,000 new inhabitants.

What is to become of Poland if this increase continues and there is no outlet? Some claim an extension of their frontiers, at the expense of Czechoslovakia and the Ukraine, but this is not seriously considered. Naturally Poland would like to have colonies of her own, but the practical question of the moment is opportunity for emigration. The matter has been already put before the League of Nations, urging the immediate necessity of getting rid of some of the Jewish population. Palestine seemed an ideal solution of this trouble but unfortunately immigration into Palestine has been largely stopped owing to the hostility of the Arabs. Another suggestion has been to send colonists to Madagascar, where a mission of inquiry has, with the permission of the French Government, been studying the conditions and possibilities of existence for Polish emigrants. South America offers another field, Brazil and the Argentine not shutting the door to foreigners.

But even when suitable colonising opportunities are offered to the Poles there arises the important question of the cost, the expense of conveying the emigrant families and their establishment in the new surroundings. Poland would be satisfied if she could send away each year 100,000 of her people, but each emigrant would require, it is reckoned, about £100, with the resulting total of some £10,000,000 leaving the country. The emigrants are not likely to possess an appreciable fraction of this sum, and the Polish Government could not contemplate raising this amount in order that it should at once be taken out of the country. Various suggestions have been put forward to overcome this financial difficulty, one of them being a question of exchange, men, merchandise, and money, but these international projects move slowly and in the meantime Poland is being steadily increased by 400,000 births every year. R. de B.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The other day a young man walked into the Office of this Society, to impart the glad news that he—an old *Arethusa* boy—had just been promoted to Warrant Rank. He had joined the ship in 1921, left in 1922, and since then had gradually but surely been climbing the rungs of the ladder to success, and now he has reached that rung which entitles him to receive a sword from the Society which gave him his chance to become a successful sailor. It costs the Society £65 a year to give such lads a chance, and there is a long waiting list. Will you send a Lenten gift for such a worthwhile work? Please send your donation to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



A GIFT FOR THE PRINCESSES: An aerial view taken above Royal Lodge, Windsor, the King's favourite home, showing the swimming pool he is having constructed for his daughters and where he will doubtless coach them during the summer

Help yourself..and please yourself

"Help yourself to Cigarettes." As a business woman and hostess I know that invitation to be a most useful conversational opening . . . . . particularly if the Cigarettes are Player's, because "all the world and his wife" seem to prefer Player's, either "Medium" or "Mild." So I always offer a box of each with the injunction "Help yourself and please yourself" knowing for certain they will.

BOTH BLENDS ARE CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN
5 FOR 3D 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

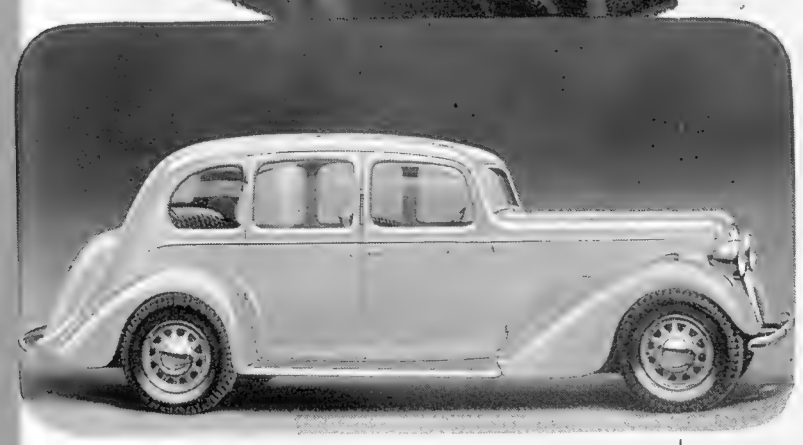
Player's Please
MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C.420L

Howard Marshall
writes on Current Sport in
The
BYSTANDER
An entertaining feature, magnificently illustrated with Bystander-like pictures
Your Newsagent will send it every Wednesday

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

"WHAT, ANOTHER!" "YES, BECAUSE YOU GET SO MUCH MORE IN AN AUSTIN"



"But wouldn't you like a car that was—well—a bit different?"

"Frankly, no. I've run an Austin now for seven years. And I've compared notes with dozens of other Austin owners. We're all absolutely convinced that, for consistent trouble-free motoring, you can't beat an Austin."

"And you like that sort of motoring?"

"I should think I do. I'll guarantee to thread through traffic or do long trips at as high an average speed as the next man. And, you know, to keep on doing that sort of thing, your car has to be a bit of a thoroughbred; a stayer, nippy, well-mannered. Besides, you can't do long jaunts at a good pace unless you're comfortable."

"What's your idea of comfort?"

"Well, take my new Goodwood Fourteen. Driving seat and steering column adjustable to my long limbs. My passenger not sitting in my lap. All the essential gadgets within sight—and reach. The safe feeling of a solid, roomy, well-ventilated car around me. Oh! yes. And silence—thanks to a sound-insulated body."

"Well, anyhow, she's smart."

"She certainly is. Smart enough for anybody. And as comfortable as she is handsome. That's where I think the Austin people have been so clever. They've managed to give a really comfortable car what we used to think it could never have—really smart lines."

"So I suppose you're another of those people who say . . ."

"Not only say but *know*, 'You get so much more in an Austin!'"

GOODWOOD FOURTEEN SALOON WITH THE NEW ENGINE

All-steel, sound-insulated body. "Wing-to-wing" vision. Real leather upholstery. Triplex toughened glass. Adjustable steering column. Built-in luggage compartment with enclosed spare wheel. 4 speeds (synchromesh). Girling brakes. The gracefully comfortable car . . . now endowed with higher speed, greater reserve of power, livelier acceleration. (at works) £250

DE LUXE SALOON £260

The car with More Beauty, More Comfort . . More Speed

OTHER MODELS

SEVEN . .	from **£112-£135**	TWELVE .	from **£220-£237**
BIG SEVEN	**£145** and **£149.10**	EIGHTEEN	from **£350-£383**
TEN . .	from **£185-£199**	TWENTY	**£650**

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for April?

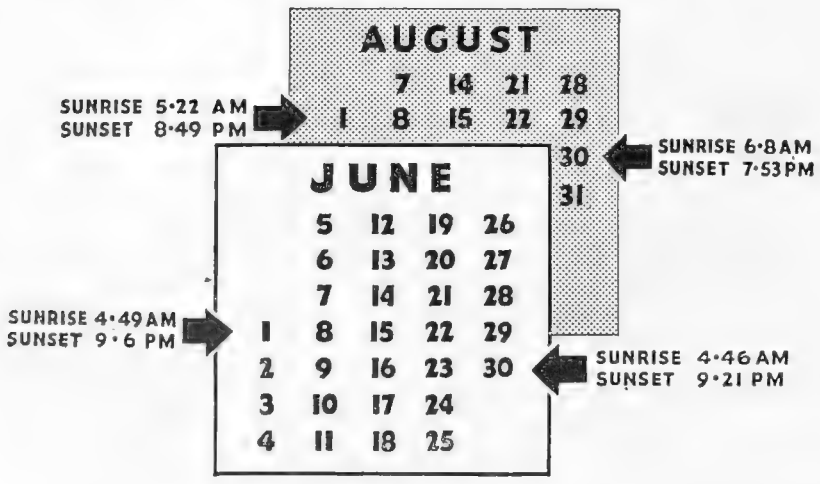
You buy a car — but you invest in an

Austin

Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!



JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET – 438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer ?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation ?
- Early travel is comfortable travel
- So try a June holiday this year !

BEFORE YOU GO

Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.).

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"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W. 2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

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4 FIRST CLASS CRUISES

by the VICEROY OF INDIA

20,000 TONS

JUNE 18	:	NORWAY, FJORDS	: 13 DAYS
JULY 2	:	NORTHERN CITIES	: 13 DAYS
JULY 16	:	NORTHERN CITIES	: 13 DAYS
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FARES FROM 22 GNS. FOR 13 DAYS

Write for illustrated book with details of these and eleven other cruises.

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AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2.
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Just ask your friends who've been , they'll tell you there's no other holiday to touch it!

LET THE LONGEST DAYS BE HOLIDAYS

AVERAGE COST OF A WEEK'S CRUISE FOR THREE

Hire of Yacht	£5.0.0
Food, say	£3.0.0
Insurance and Sundries	£1.0.0
(3 persons)	£9.0.0
Cost per head per week	£3.0.0

PLUS CHEAP MONTHLY RETURN TICKET BY

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FREE—All about this holiday—316 pages

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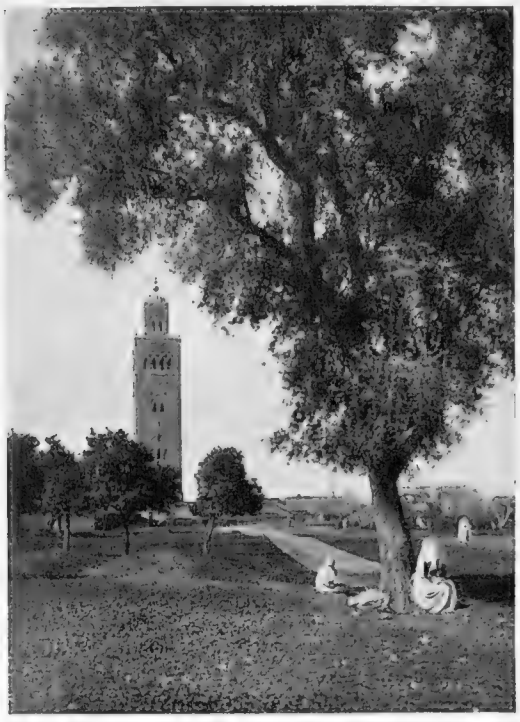
SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

The European Situation and Its Effect on Tourism: France Again Enjoys a Boom: The Glory of the Dutch Bulb Fields



AN OLD TOWN OF THE SULTANS: The Khoutbia Tower set amid pleasant scenery on the outskirts of Marrakesh, a popular Moroccan resort

NATIONS may rise and fall, but the desire for travel goes on. I have not come across many people who have been put off journeying overseas by recent events on the Continent. Some are genuinely concerned because they might not be able to get into their beloved Austria, but cling to the hope that things will have settled down in the course of a month or two to make it possible. They argue that after all Germany has made a very energetic appeal to our tourists in recent years with good results, and will be just as anxious to see them going to Austria. We shall see, but do not forget that the Germans will want to go there, too, for it was a very popular holiday country with them in days gone by.

The transport companies and travel agencies must have watched the international crisis with some concern, for it came at a time when they had just launched their summer programmes, but it must have been comforting to them to see how calmly the public met the situation. Many people will be crossing the Channel at Easter, and that marks the opening of the season of popular travel, but the peak period is not reached until towards the end of July and the early part of August. Let us hope the clouds over Central Europe may have rolled by long before then.

Coming Events in France.—The traveller who likes to recall the number of interesting events he has attended in other countries has much to engage his attention in France this year. The visit of our King and Queen in June is an occasion of first-class importance to both nations and the unveiling of the monument at Villers Bretonneux in honour of more than 60,000 Australians will be an impressive ceremony. There is a hope too that the King will also unveil the gigantic statue of Britannia at Boulogne to commemorate the landing there in 1914 of the first British troops. Another event of outstanding interest will be the solemn re-opening of Rheims Cathedral in July. England's part in the celebrations will be the presentation to Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Rheims, of a replica of the banner held by Joan of Arc at the coronation of Charles VII. You will remember that for several hundred years most of the kings of France were crowned at Rheims.

Some parties of tourists are going to France this summer for the express purpose of visiting cathedrals and naturally Rheims is in the itinerary. St. Etienne at Sens, of great architectural and historical interest; Troyes, begun in 1208 and consecrated in an unfinished state in the presence of Charles VII and the Maid of Orléans; Amiens, the largest in France and a fine example of thirteenth-century architecture and, of course, Notre Dame de Paris will be visited.

"Come Vi Garba."—Shakespeare would not recognise in these words his *As You Like It*. That is the Italian rendering as announced in the programme of the Florence Musical Festival which begins on April 28 and continues until June 10. It will be performed in the Boboli Gardens on June 1 and 4. Here, too, the season will be brought to a close by performances of *The Valkyries* and a more beautiful setting for Wagner's masterpiece than this perfect specimen of the Italian style of garden with its huge natural amphitheatre, by moonlight, could not be imagined.

The festival will include ancient music as well as some entirely new works, and one of the major attractions will be Verdi's *Aïda* with De Sabata conducting and Beniamio Gigli among the artistes. The Teatro Comunale will be used for this opera and many other events in the Festival.

If you are thinking of going to Florence for the Festival or while it is in progress it would be wise to make arrangements soon for I hear there is not much accommodation left. The same applies to Venice and some other parts.

Drawn by Percy Home

WHERE THE PONTE VECCHIO SPANS THE UNRULY ARNO: The famous bridge with its line of shops projecting over the river is one of the great sights of Florence, the fair city of Tuscany to which so many intending travellers are now turning their thoughts in view of the forthcoming musical festival there (see note elsewhere on this page)

Bulb Time.—If flowers are your inspiration in the world of travel you will count a visit to the Dutch bulb fields of considerable importance. There is a great fascination in those seas of bloom, and I find people who are growers in quite a modest way have a yearning to see them in cultivation on a keenly competitive basis. You may make a real tour of it for several days, or just have a look round while making one of those short sea cruises in a liner on the last lap of a long voyage. There are even trips which leave London early on the Saturday evening and return by Monday morning. They give you most of Sunday in Holland and take a quick look at The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen and Harlem as well as the bulb fields.

The flowers will probably be at their best from the middle of April to the middle of May.

THE CATHEDRAL AT PECS, HUNGARY, scene of the forthcoming celebrations in memory of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who was born at neighbouring Rekavar and was destined to become consort of King Malcolm III. She died in Edinburgh on November 17, 1093, after winning a great reputation among the Scots for charity and piety. Her canonisation took place in 1250

Marrakesh.—There are occasionally opportunities of visiting this old town of the Sultans of Morocco from the cruising liners and it is a place no traveller should miss. It is a town of gardens. The Menara Gardens to the west of the town are planted with olive trees, and in this atmosphere of peace is a large lake surrounded by a flag-stoned walk. Another sight is the Aquadal Gardens again with artificial lakes and a central avenue, on each side of which are groves of fruit trees all planted symmetrically. The gardens dating from the sixteenth century are completely surrounded by a wall of red earth with few gateways.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Cyprus.—Kyrenia is the nicest seaside resort and it is delightfully situated on an indented coast with the Kyrenia mountains going up to nearly 3,000 ft. just behind. From the point of view of excursions Kyrenia is as well off as any other part of the island. The bathing is excellent and tennis and golf are available. We recommend the Sea View Hotel and at Nicosia, the capital, the Palace Hotel.

St. Cast.—This is one of the warmest resorts along the Brittany coast and one of the safest for children. It has an excellent beach of fine sand. Golf (at Pen Guen) tennis and fishing are available and it is a good centre for excursions. The best hotels are the Ar-Vro (40 to 90 francs per day), the Celtic et du Golf (65 to 120 francs), and the Royal Bellevue (45 to 60 francs). These prices are for single room and pension and to them must be added 15 per cent. service tax and a small tax *de séjour*, usually 2 or 3 francs per week.

Swiss Flowers.—As your object is to see the flowers we suggest the Jura if you can take your holiday in May. You could make St. Croix your centre and stay at the Hôtel d'Espagne which charges 63 Swiss francs per week for room and pension. In June, Bex is another excellent centre for flora and you could stay at the Hôtel des Alpes for 67 to 75 Swiss francs per week. St. Cergue is also a very good centre and there is a little pension, the Capt (50 to 62 Swiss francs per week).

Camps in Czechoslovakia.—The holiday camps for English students which are being organised this summer are under the patronage of the Czechoslovak Legation in London, and are arranged by the Union of Czechoslovak students and the English Grammar School in Prague. There will be fifteen camps in the chief centres and the campers will be boys from public and secondary schools and undergraduates.

Pyla.—This resort near Bordeaux has a very good plage. It is a good centre for excursions and the forest is very attractive. The Beau Rivage charges from 35 to 40 francs and the Florida 40 to 50 francs per day for room and pension plus the usual service tax.

Zeeland.—There are a number of very attractive resorts in the extreme north of Zeeland. Either Hornbaek or Gilleleje is recommended. They are quaint fishing towns with broad beaches of white sand and good centres for excursions. One of the most interesting places in this part of the world is Helsingor, known to Shakespeareans as the Elsinor of *Hamlet*. Copenhagen, the lovely capital of the Danes, is within easy reach of them all.

The Rhine.—A very good way of doing the Rhine is by joining the Netherlands Rhine steamer at Rotterdam. You see the typical Dutch scenery in the early stages and the first night is spent at Wesel and the next at Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. They go up to Mannheim. The return is also by river steamer. It is possible to do this very restful holiday in little more than a week.

Beverley Brooke

THE HOTEL IN THE PATH OF THE SUN

Facing due South and the Sea in its own three acres of Grounds. Golf and Riding in a sunny, bracing climate. And indoors a tradition of hospitality, the best of English fare, a picked wine list, balconies looking on to the Sea, and, of course, running water. Your well being is the personal interest of the Proprietor, G. JAMES. Write to him for brochure. *Telephone 40.*

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IT'S Never too Early . . .

to come to Bude. Motoring, fishing, tennis, squash, billiards, riding and walking. Golf links adjoining. Your Hotel? The GRENVILLE—second to none in Cornwall. 100 rooms and suites. Fully licensed. Covered verandahs, ballroom, lift, central heating. Write Manager for tariff. Tel.: 15

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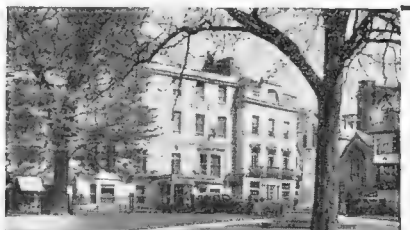
Health and Beauty on the Crest of Crowborough Beacon . . . come now to

Crest Hotel, Crowborough

Tel.: 394 **Sussex**

Bed, Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner and Central Heating from 4 gns. weekly. Easter 18/- to 21/- daily. Personal Proprietors Mr. and Mrs. G. Eglington Adams.

GOLF : ALL-WEATHER TENNIS : RIDING : WALKING



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel

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—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

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GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

Private Pier. **Craft of all kinds for hire.**

Write to S. Baker for details. Tel.: Falmouth 440/1

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—at a first-class hotel in a sunny, sheltered situation. Golf links 10 minutes' walk. Tennis, squash and badminton adjoining. Lift to all floors. Cocktail Lounge, private suites and bathrooms with softened water. Your comfort under the personal direction of the Resident Proprietor. Telephone 2666

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THE ENGLISH LAKES

Situated on the upper end of

DERWENTWATER

amidst mountain scenery and valley richness.

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All modern conveniences—Adjoining Pump Room and Baths—Situated in own grounds—12 miles of Trout Fishing—Excellent Golf Course.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS

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If it's pleasure . . . .

you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.

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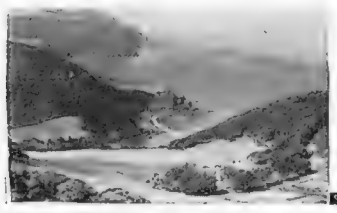
. . . and still the Red House

comfortably within reach of London, comfortably out of reach of London's crowds and noise. Golf, tennis, swimming and all the joys of the country at your command . . . nights of perfect repose, days without a domestic care, ten acres of garden . . . an hotel where it is a pleasure to be "at home."

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

36 mins. from Waterloo. Bridge. Billiards. Write to Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, or Telephone 164



A West Country Gem . . .

Beautifully ensconced on a wooded Southern slope looking on to Lee Bay. 366 acres of grounds reaching to the sea, with golf course free to visitors.

An historic old building luxuriously renovated throughout, with central heating, running water, etc. Licensed. Write for tariff. Tel.: Lynton 24.

LEE ABBEY HOTEL LYNTON

In Quest o

Three to Note in Westm
The Honest Hospitali

WHETHER it is the advent of spring or the excitement of the Grand National I know not, but my thoughts have been much in the north country of late. There is something—an atmosphere of straight-forward, honest hospitality, and heartiness—about the North of England which always appeals to me very much; and with the great exhibition almost ready to open in Glasgow I can foresee that the North is going to be a popular centre for holidays this spring and summer. However, I am not going to write this week about Scotland—that comes later!—but about three very good hotels in the North of England: one in Westmorland, one in Lancashire, and one in Yorkshire.

The first is Langdale Chase Hotel on the shores of Lake Windermere in Westmorland. You can read in the brochure of this hotel that "few, if any, hotels in Europe are so beautifully situated as is Langdale Chase Hotel . . ." Now, I simply have not the experience, as yet, to say whether this is true or not. But I can say that I personally know none better situated. It stands right on the shore of the lake, close to Scawfell and Wasdale Head in the very heart of the Lakes. The house is a fine country mansion; and the windows and verandas enjoy to the full the extraordinarily fine views over the water. There are facilities for all the usual sports and there is a private boat-house and landing stage on the lake. Langdale Chase really is a hotel of quality and I expect many of my readers to find it a welcome haven of rest and tranquillity during the coming summer.

My next "visit" this week is to a very different sort of place—the Hotel Majestic at St. Anne's-on-Sea. One of the pleasantest places on the Lancashire coast, St. Anne's is fortunate in having this fine holiday hotel. The Majestic stands on the sea front and in appearance it is majestic! Inside everything is planned for the perfect holiday. The rooms, both public and private, are comfortably and sensibly furnished, the food is good, there is a fine ballroom with frequent dancing and cabarets—and about the whole place an air of good fellowship which, when I am on holiday bent, appeals to me. St. Anne's itself is close to Blackpool and to sophisticated amusements; but it always manages to preserve an air of quiet and peace within its boundaries, while being at the same time as cheerful as you could wish. Its great attraction, of course, is the world-famous golf-course, the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's which every year brings famous people and stirring events to this happy little resort, which ought to be far better known even than it is.

And now from the County Palatine to York—a gem among historic cities—and a railway hotel!

"Come and go, to and fro
All our early life is so."

Residence . . .

Firstly a matter of comfort. That is certain at the Alexandra . . . the best of everything is just good enough.
Secondly a matter of address—the Alexandra overlooks Hyde Park and the land of shops and theatres is immediately at hand.
Thirdly a matter of cuisine and service—these are beyond reproach.
Lastly a matter of economy—this is indisputable.

The Alexandra

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Write or telephone SLOane 4521. 140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

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Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

GRAND in name.
GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Band play nightly.
Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

land, Lancashire, and Yorkshire: of the North Country

Ever since I was a boy, this quotation carefully embroidered on the cover of our family time-table has remained embedded in my mind. And what a suitable one it is for many a railway hotel, where there is a constant sense of coming and going. Day departures, night arrivals. A hall staff who are walking encyclopedias. Kitchens which are never at rest.

But not so at the Station Hotel, York. Admittedly, it adjoins the station but, after that, the name "Station" no longer applies.

There is, in fact, such a peaceful and restful atmosphere, such a consciousness of comfort, that one feels a desire to remain "stationary".

As one walks into the ground floor lounge, comfortable chairs extend their arms to greet one, the restful green wall decoration soothes one. If it is winter, huge coal fires warm one, and at all times I have noticed what pleasant waitresses there are to serve one, with "Welcome to York" cleverly depicted on their faces.

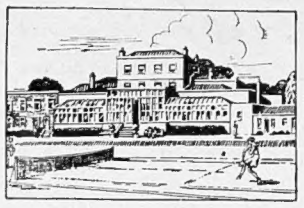
Above stairs, there is the same adaptation for the needs of all. Single rooms, double rooms, with or without private baths, suites, as well as specially commodious self-contained sets of rooms which are often in demand for wedding receptions, banqueting, conferences, and so on.

The fact is that the Station Hotel, York, is the social and business headquarters of not only York, but to a great extent Yorkshire. It is the only first-class hotel of any size in York. Yet, in spite of the fact that there is no competition to face, the L.N.E.R. is ever making improvements.

And now a word to you who may some day be considering passing through York. My advice is "Don't"! Station yourself at the Station Hotel at York, not just for a night, but for several nights. It is almost sacrilege to pass through York without halting awhile, for York is probably the oldest city in Great Britain. Her ancient walls with evidence of Roman occupation still remain. York Minster, with its magnificent west front, is the largest church in Britain. St. Peter's, York, is the oldest Public School. Then there is much to be seen of what remains of the glories of medieval York, churches, monasteries, friaries, and hospitals.

What a centre York is for touring. Within easy distance by rail are Ripon, Harrogate, Scarborough, in fact the whole coast line of Yorkshire, and the best of her moors and dales are readily accessible from York.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*



Avonmouth Hotel Amid four acres of well wooded private grounds, a sunny spacious hotel where modern comforts, good cooking and willing service all await you. All-the-year-round mildness and excellent facilities for sport. Bathing is safe and secluded in this pleasing old coastal retreat.

MUDEFORD *Near Christchurch, Hants.*

Have You Ever?

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

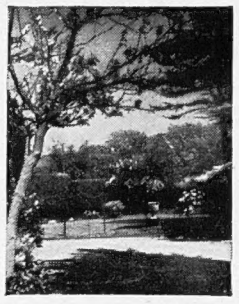
. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME IN EARLY SUMMER TO

THE HEADLAND *by* **NEWQUAY**

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*



Peter and Peggy—

and John and Joan are all coming again this year (with Mummy and Daddy and Auntie Brenda) to Shanklin Towers. They will find the same comfortable rooms, the same healthy climate, the same good food, good friends and good fun as last year . . . and so we shall expect them all again *next* year at

Shanklin Towers

Shanklin, I. o. W. Hotel

The Family Hotel of the Island

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.

Lift

Self-contained Suites

Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 59

202 HOTELS ONE SERVICE

With all their differences of character Trust Houses have these things in common—good food, good service, assured comfort, a ready welcome and moderate terms. They're waiting for you wherever you go ● *Trust House guide with full information and map sent free — write Trust Houses, Ltd., Planning Dept., 81a Piccadilly, London, W.1.*

Wherever you go stop at a **TRUST HOUSE**

A peaceful spring residence . . .

IN a sunny sheltered park of 60 acres with a sporting golf course; lawns, woodland and water now at their loveliest. Hunting. Racing. Beagling . . . or just resting. 85 bedrooms and suites with every comfort. Modern equipment, courteous service and generous hospitality. Write to S. Hancock, Director, for a copy of "Here is peace," a description of

THE SPA HOTEL

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

400 feet above sea level. *Telephone: 1911*

● *Stay at lovely*

KINMEL HALL

—THE RHEUMA SPA OF WALES

ABERGELE

Delightful residential and holiday centre. Magnificent fifteenth century mansion—modernised. 1,000 acres of parkland; own golf course; near sea. All games. Riding, shooting, fishing.

SPA TREATMENTS under resident Medical supervision. Excellent cuisine. Special diets. Treatment rooms in separate wing.

Week-end terms - - from 35/-

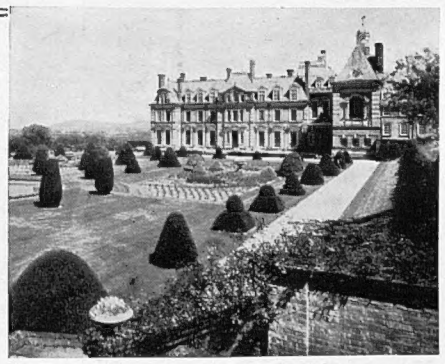
Board Residence from 4½ Gns. week.

Come for a Change - Come for the Cure

Brochure and terms from Secretary:

RHEUMA SPA LTD.

KINMEL HALL - ABERGELE - N. WALES



THE VENETIAN GARDEN

Zounds! BUILT 1690

Spring in the country? Aye, and old fashions please us best at the Gulielmi et Mariae. Old ways, old wood, old furnishings . . . good ale and capon to rejoice the vitals! Soft beds and the modernest appurtenances to every chamber and suite thereof. Craftsmen to serve and cook for us. Golf to those that wot. To hounds . . . eleven meets a week. Old wines and gay spirits i' The Bar. The Cotswolds our playground . . . and the terms all-comprehending that do verily comfort our hearts and purses. Write to Mine Host, H. Mathew Stevenson, or 'phone 2575. (Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

The William & Mary ✣ Stratford-on-Avon ✣

And this year . . . Grove Hall

A homely hotel run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. **A private bathroom to every bedroom** . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Terms: **4** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone Twyford 106.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

NOT AN HOTEL . . . or a Guest House, but something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*

LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL

LAKE WINDERMERE

IN

THE ENGLISH LAKES

- **Perfect in comfort.**
- **Exclusive in style.**
- **Beautiful in its surroundings.**

Own Boathouse and Landing. Bathing. Tennis. Few minutes Golf Course. Private Bathrooms and Suites. A.A. R.A.C. Telephone: Ambleside 101.

KNAPPE CROSS? . . .

OUR GUESTS? People who are accustomed to the best and a little better.

OUR SETTING? South Devon—a famous country house with panoramic sea-views.

OUR CUISINE? The fruits of the earth in their season . . . adorned by an artist among chefs.

OUR BEDS? Designed to indulge — after golf, hunting, tennis, or just lounging in our thirty acres of garden.

• • • *THE MOST CHARMING HOTEL IN THE WEST*

For details write W. C. Dedman, Knappe Cross Hotel, near Exmouth.

(Continued overleaf)

JERUSALEM'S NEW TREASURE HOUSE

(*Continued from page 21*)

is the tower, the principal architectural feature of the building, which can be ascended, from the flat roof of which magnificent panoramic views of Jerusalem and neighbourhood are to be had. There is also a reading room for students, a record room, photographic studio, special laboratories for repairing and reconstructing damaged objects, and a library. The latter contains 16,000 volumes on archæological and related subjects.

In the records room the histories of all excavations in Palestine are preserved for future reference, with complete descriptions and photographs of the sites and the original positions of the objects. In all, 3,000 archæological sites have been listed in Palestine and Trans-Jordan up to the present. This room also contains the collection of "squeezes" made of inscriptions on buildings or casts taken by means of damped absorbent paper. Palestine's Archæological Museum is in every sense of the term a model institution of its kind and has been the means of definitely stamping the Holy City as the recognised centre for archæological study in the Middle East.

H. J. Shepstone

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARTHUR BARKER.—IN THESE QUIET STREETS. By Robert Westerby. 7s. 6d. BELL.—THIS SOLID FLESH. By Bradford Smith. 7s. 6d. MURDER AT BADOR. By S. C. Mason. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—INSANITY FAIR. By Douglas Reed. 10s. 6d. COLLINS.—LAND OF NO REGRETS. By Lt.-Col. A. A. Irvine. 12s. 6d. THEY SAILED FOR SENEGAL. By Wilson MacArthur. 7s. 6d. ONE CAME BACK. By Neil Bell. 8s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE. By Romilly Cavan. 8s. 6d WINTER IN APRIL. By Robert Nathan. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE THREE LADIES WALDEGRAVE (AND THEIR MOTHER). By Violet Biddulph. Illustrated. 15s. GOLLANCZ.—MY PART IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. 15s. HARRAP.—THE ARTS OF MANKIND. Written and illustrated by Hendrik van Loon. 15s. HEINEMANN.—BOSWELL AND THE GIRL FROM BOTANY BAY. By Frederick A. Pottle. 5s. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—A TRAVELLER CAME BY. By Sally Carson. 8s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—ACROSS THE FRONTIERS. By Philip Gibbs. 10s. 6d. A SHIP OF THE LINE. By C. S. Forester. 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—THE LETTERS OF JOHN DOVE. Edited by R. H. Brand. 8s. 6d. ISAAC NEWTON 1642-1727. By J. W. N. Sullivan. 8s. 6d. MILES.—SMALL YACHT RACING. By Percy Woodcock. 3s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—THE NEXT BRITISH EMPIRE. By R. A. Piddington. 6s. THE DREAM PREVAILS. By Maud Diver. 8s. 6d. SPEAKING DUST: Thomas and Jane Carlyle. By E. Thornton Cook. 7s. 6d. NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.—THE ROSE ANNUAL FOR 1938. Edited by Courtney Page. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE.—RED PLANES FLY EAST. By Piotr Pavlenko. 8s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION. By Ethel Mannin. 10s. 6d. WARD LOCK.—TURN THE HOUR-GLASS. By Wallace B. Nicholls. 7s. 6d. WITHERBY.—FAMINE IN ENGLAND. By Viscount Lymington. 7s. 6d.

EYEWITNESS IN VIENNA

(*Continued from page 22*)

rooms. On asking the porter whether that meant we were to be turned out, I was assured that nothing of the sort would happen, and I left the house. On my return in the early afternoon, I found the names of officers were already fixed on the doors of our rooms, and without much ado I was told that my room was wanted, that orders were orders and I might as well give up an unequal struggle.

That night we spent in the house of kind friends in a square which in the short interval from late afternoon till the evening had already been re-named Adolf Hitler Platz. And in case it escaped attention, a new number and the name had been fixed over every house-door. Vienna went wild that night. Flags were hanging out of many windows and the hated swastika appeared in all sorts of likely and unlikely places. It was painted on mudguards and men wore red mufflers with big swastikas under their chins. There were very few people who did not wear a swastika. What remains a wonder to me is, where did they all suddenly come from?

The men and women I talked to—and I went out of my way to make myself disagreeably inquisitive—were not Nazis when I talked to them. When then had this conversion taken place? Were they sincere or had they been terrorised? Had the example of their German brothers and sisters taught them the lesson that perhaps it was better to pretend to something they did not really feel? I did not find out. A few people of the same set to whom I had spoken previously, stuck to their guns. An elderly woman told me with tears in her eyes that that morning, old women had prayed in the church that God might not permit Hitler to annex Austria.

Everything which has been said these last two days by all papers about the hysterical joy of the people is unfortunately only too true. The excitement was tremendous. It reminded me of the days of the Revolution in Berlin in 1919 and 1920. With it all and up to the moment we left, no blood had been shed, as a railway ticket collector proudly told me. Since he was a particularly unpleasant specimen, I did not tell him my thoughts, but since then many lives have already been wasted.

Our journey home held another surprise in store for us, that of the most thorough search of our train by the Nazis. Being British citizens worked like magic. Though we suffered the discomfort of having to wait on a bitterly cold station in the middle of the night and forcible retention on the train, we three and, I believe, one or two others were treated with politeness. Our luggage was not opened, and we were permitted to return to our carriage which had been turned into a sty and stank of garlic. Truly an unexpected and highly unpleasant return from a country where we had gone with great expectations and which we had to leave under such sad circumstances.

HERE *and* THERE

"Snow White" on Your Gramophone.—The music in the full-length Walt Disney cartoon film contains some delightful songs that make most attractive records and "His Master's Voice" inform us that they have secured exclusive rights to record from the actual sound track of the film. The resultant records, consisting of dialogue, song, and sound effects, are really excellent, and the following is a list of some of those being marketed.

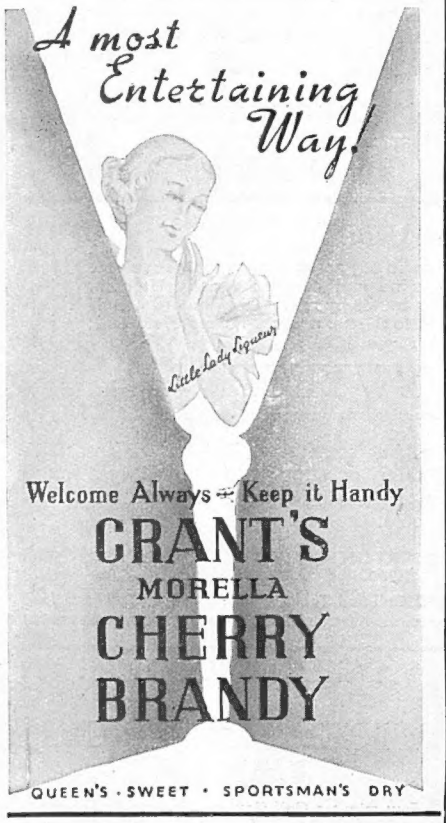
BD514.—*With a Smile and a Song:* This is sung by Snow White on awakening from her goblin dream in the haunted forest. She finds herself surrounded by animals and birds, talks to them, asks them where she can go, and they lead her to the Dwarfs' house.

BD515—*I'm Wishing* and *One Song:* The first of these is sung by Snow White at the wishing well, on the ledge of which are some doves who make eyes at her. She is interrupted by the Prince, who has stolen up behind her, and sings the charming little "One Song."

BD516—*Dwarfs' Yodel Song:* This occurs when Snow White and the Dwarfs are having a sing-song. Various Dwarfs have their little verse, and you hear Bashful struggling with his shyness, whilst Sneezy does the best he can under the circumstances.

The Silverline Ball, in aid of Conservative Propaganda in the West Midlands, is being held at Claridge's on May 5. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain will receive the guests. There will be a Cabaret and Side Shows, Geoffrey Howard's Band will supply music for dancing. Tickets are Two Guineas each to include Champagne Supper, and may be obtained from Miss Gretton, 157, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

A Guide to Tyrolean Costume.—A very charming little book of *Original Tyrolean Costumes*, published by Herbert Reichner, is to be bought at W. H. Smith's for the reasonable price of 3s. The explanatory notes in three languages, German, French, and English, are both concise and adequate for their purpose, and render the sale of the book far more widespread than other books on the same or similar subjects. The 400 drawings are daintily and finely drawn but it is, perhaps, a pity that these drawings fall into the too familiar type of flat execution which so many costume books adopt, leaving one with the impression of dainty transfers rather than real people in real clothes. J. B.



SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

where Summer is months ahead of the calendar. Come early this year; enjoy our flowers, our glorious climate, our pleasant healthy way of life, our cooking, our comfortable hotel. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Prop., A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

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SCOTLAND.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY HOTEL—and so convenient for the Exhibition!

DUNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO
DUNBLANE Phone 161 **PERTHSHIRE**

On main North Road less than an hour's run from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Reconstructed and with every modern comfort. Largest private indoor Swimming Pool in Scotland, Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Bowling, Dancing, Orchestra. Fully Licensed. Under personal supervision of Mr. R. Gillies, of Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld, and Royal Hotel, Bridge of Allan.
Terms and Brochure from A. P. Tregenna, Manager.

PERTHSHIRE—CASTLE HOTEL, GLENDEVON

A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf 15 mins., 9 hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.

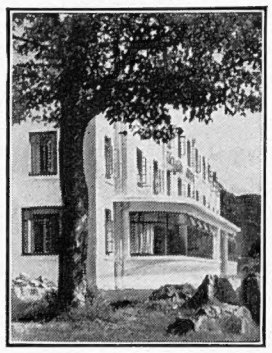
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.

LOCHALSH HOTEL
KYLE of LOCHALSH

Open all the year

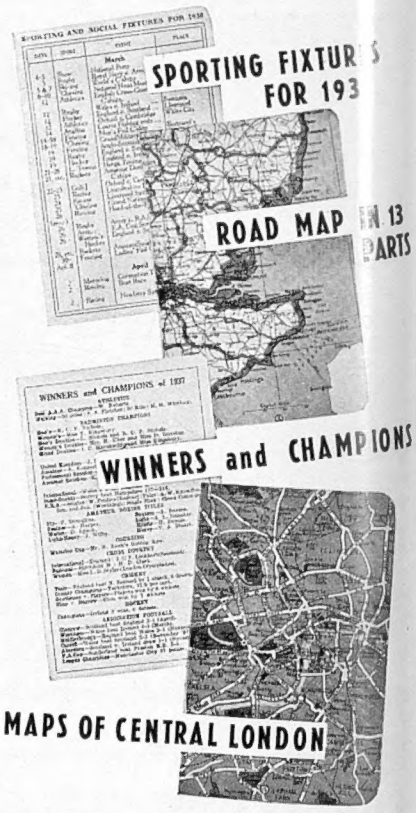
FACING THE ISLE OF SKYE. BEAUTIFUL RUGGED SCENERY. COMPLETELY REBUILT AND MODERN IN EVERY DETAIL.

RESTAURANT & SLEEPING CARS BY LMS



Arthur Towle, *Controller*, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1

A useful SPORTING Diary for 1938 . . .



The 1938 edition of "The Sporting and Dramatic" Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below).

6D. post free

The Illustrated
SPORTING and DRAMATIC News
32/34 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*April 2, 1938.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aylngdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford.—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Lodore Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubilé, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.— Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—The Empress.—Sunniest Hotel. 1st cl. Very comfortable. Cntrl. Grden. Rms with bath. Suites. New mgmt. Frm 3½ gns.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 155 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Trayas (Var) Navirotel (The Ship Hotel).—Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view—open all the year. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Hotel Grünwald.— Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wrld.-rnd. Finest pos. opp Pk. and Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd. by best British society. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class, in an excellent location overlooking park. Roof Garden.

SWITZERLAND.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Grand Hotel Palace.—Unrvald sit. on lake. Quiet yet cntrl. Open-air restaurnt. Large pk. Own ten. court.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Lloyd Hotel.—Directly on the lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

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